

OUR CONTINENT

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF PHILADELPHIA.



LUNCH HOUR AT PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL.

THE seed-leaves of our school system may be said to have sprouted in 1683, when, in fulfillment of a provision of the "Great Law," enacted by authority of William Penn, it was declared that "schools shall be established for the tuition of the young." The first in our city was started by Enoch Flowers, and a small sum was charged for each pupil. In 1698 the Quakers opened another, for "all the children and servants, male and female"—the rich at reasonable rates, the poor for nothing. Later, a company of German philanthropists, sustained by contributions from religious societies in Europe, began to open free schools in Pennsylvania. In 1756 these were well established. In 1790 a provision of the Constitution secured the founding of schools throughout the State, in which the poor could be taught gratis. During all this period, however, the benevolent but mistaken distinction made between rich and poor seemed to turn the public sentiment against them; they were called "pauper schools," and were despised by the one class and shunned by the other. In 1827 a society was formed in Philadelphia for the Promotion of Education in the State, a committee opened correspondence with leading educators in other countries, and

their efforts finally culminated, in 1834, in the enactment of a law which secured free education to all.

This, then, was the beginning for us, not of the Public, but of the Common School. Still, the plant was so weakly, and adverse winds so strong, that its continued life was by no means certain. The very next year a powerful effort was made to uproot it; and then sturdy Thaddeus Stevens strode to its rescue, and with the aid of the then Governor Wolf, who engaged to use, if necessary, his veto power in its behalf, the storm was weathered, and the free school for all became, so to speak, indigenous.

A system of education, not yet fifty years old, is still scarce beyond its plumules: in view of this we have a right to consider it a remarkably fine specimen. In any other case we should hesitate, as yet, to place it on exhibition, except, which is the intent of this article, to urge its need of better facilities for growth.

Education, in a free country, is not a privilege, but a right, and every citizen has a right to the best. If he suspect that he is being served with a low-grade article it is his business to investigate. If it come to the knowledge of a Philadelphian that the boards of education in other districts employ a paid superintendent, he ought to ask why his own city has no such officer. If he hear that certain methods, unknown to his own youth, teach children to read without tears, he should say to the board: "Examine into those methods, and if good, import them." If a rumor reach him that the authorities of Brussels, by faithful care of the school children, have notably improved the health statistics of that city, he should say: "Take heed to the health of my children; that is one of your first duties." In short, he should first learn to realize the need of, and then to



THE GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL.

demand the following essentials to education, in almost every item of which Philadelphia is now behind the leading cities of the Union: Organized management: industrial education: more school houses: better school houses: better teaching: better school directors.

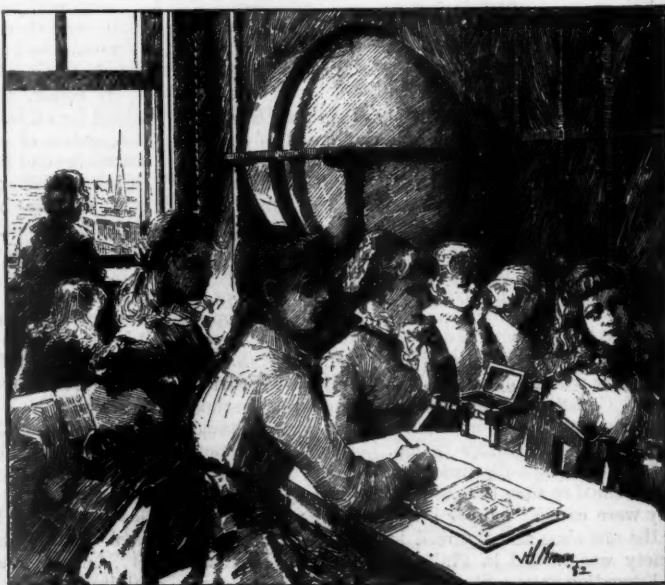
I. Organized management of the schools by professional paid superintendents. On this point we quote from the urgent appeal of the President of the Board of Education. "The absence of superintendence in our schools is an anomaly; there is no knowledge possessed, by any central power, of the character, condition and needs of the schools of this district; nowhere else is it attempted to conduct a school district of half the proportions of this without the constant supervision of trained specialists in education. . . . When there were but few schools—and that is far in the past—they could understand each other's wants and plans, and conform to them; but this is now impossible."

Thirty-one boards of direction, with thirty-one theories of managing their business affairs and instructing their employes! Imagine the Pennsylvania Railroad conducting its operations on this principle. And yet the public schools are of more value than many railroads.

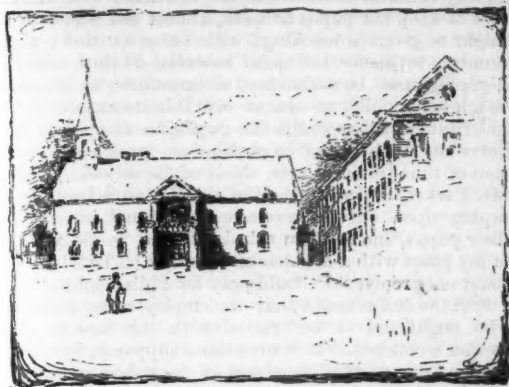
II. Industrial education. This is a demand so fresh that we have scarcely begun to realize its deep significance; we feel that something is wrong; we know that man cannot live by text-book education alone, and we see not where he is to learn the art or trade by which he must earn his bread. Time was when the lad who had mastered his three R's could go right into the shop, and into the family, of the master mechanic whose trade he chose, and rise, step by step, to a knowledge of his business.

Now all this is changed. Our trades-unions dictate the number of apprentices to be allowed in any one establishment, and the rest are helpless. And as the times change we must change, or suffer disaster. The two-inch pot which successfully developed the acorn will soon begin to cramp the growing oak. The time seems to have come for this country when men and women must be prepared for their life-work by the public schools or not at all. In this day the youth of average abilities, turned out to earn his living with only the old-fashioned school equipment, has not been treated justly. He has received his little quota of text-book facts and rules, which he will soon forget, because he has never been taught to associate them with practical, every-day doings. He knows that 360 degrees make a great circle, but what a degree is for, and what earth or heaven wants of a great circle, or how many feet high is a given fence or house, he has never been taught to consider. He knows that "a prime number is one which has no integral factors," but it doesn't seem to help him a bit in making change at the counter. He has no notion of the properties of common things; he has had no practice in contrivance; he cannot use his own body to best advantage; he cannot handle tools; he not only has no handicraft, but knows not how to pick up one; and his lack of the mental alertness, which a proper training of his senses and perceptions could have given, will make him a failure, if he hire himself as errand-boy.

None the less, he marries a girl who can neither sew,



DRAWING IN THE GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL.



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA—ORIGINAL BUILDING.

nor cook, nor wash, nor set a table well enough to make her living should the necessity arise. How should she? Where are these things systematically taught? At home she provides wastefully; she has never been told what kinds of food are cheap and what dear at a given price. She breaks down the health of herself and her family by violating every known law of hygiene, because to her they are unknown; sickness disheartens them; failures undermine their ambition. Then they sit down and wail for help from public funds or private charity, and soon they get used to being helped, and self-respect is lost, and the community pays their board until they die. Who is to blame? The state is to blame, when it opens its school-room doors and sets loose its youth upon the world as Alva used to set loose his prisoners of war, first taking off their arms at the shoulders, and then allowing them to live if they could.

No man has a right to say "the world owes me a living," but every child may say "the world owes me the knowledge of a craft by which I may earn my living." The sort of education which the state owes to each of its members would not only train that average mind to its highest general capacity, but would find out the sort of practical faculty most pronounced in each pupil, and train that to the best advantage. It would teach the use of all ordinary tools; it would teach the principles of mechanics, and drawing as applied to mechanics; and, by degrees, it would establish actual trades. It would divert, if need be, fully one-half the pupil's time from school-room to work-room; and then we should discover that three hours a day rightly spent in mental effort gives about all the mental result of which a pupil is capable, and that a change to the exercise of another set of faculties is so much clear gain. And seeing that a large proportion of the girls of our public schools are obliged to earn their own bread, it should by no means exclude them from the advantage of the work-rooms. There are many occupations now followed by women, of which the rudiments can at least be taught in the school. Moreover, in woman's universally-approved vocation, viz., providing for the wants of man, why should not cooking be made, at one stroke, respectable, by associating it with chemistry, and constituting it a science?

Not all the moral paragraphs ever composed on the Dignity of Labor will do so much to make labor honored as the one fact that it has a place in our general system of education, and must be studied by intellectual methods. Cooking is more important even

than sewing. Why should it not be taught in every public school?

The idea of industrial education can no longer be smiled down as visionary. London spends \$500,000 on it annually, and there is scarcely a town or city in Europe that has not its industrial school. The St. Petersburg Institute of Technology displayed at our Centennial Exposition a set of models, showing every stage of manipulation in iron and wood, from the crude material to the manufactured article. Philadelphians noticed these, and thought them very pretty; Bostonians noticed, pondered, went home and erected buildings, and now teach, beside the higher principles, in their School of Technology "the elementary branches of most of the trades, as moulding, turning, weaving, carpentering, smithery and the rest. The students divide their time between these and their books." Is there anything in Philadelphia's climate to prevent her doing the same?

III. *More school houses.* It is rather startling to those who believe that free institutions depend for their life upon free education to find that "while the city's population increases at the rate of about 25,000 annually, the appropriation for school buildings was last increased at the rate of accommodation for 448." But all this is to be changed, as Councils have given, at one sweep, \$300,000 for the erection of new and the repair of old buildings. This is inspiring, and the only suggestion we presume to make is that there may be, in every class-room of every new building, efficient provision for the escape of foul and the entrance of fresh air. This is, of all architectural problems, perhaps the most difficult; but its importance is so great that if good ventilation is to be found anywhere in the world it should be found here. We had better starve a child's brain than taint its blood. That there is need of such a sugges-



FIREPLACE IN THE MUSEUM—OLD GERMANTOWN ACADEMY.



UNION SCHOOL AT KINGESSING, 1778.

tion is shown by the testimony of one lady whose daughter attended a handsome new school in the upper part of the city:

"She had been a healthy child before going there, but she soon began to have headaches, which grew so frequent that I went to the school to see if the cause might be there. I found that the ventilators amounted, as usual, to nothing, and that the times when a window was lowered were rare exceptions. 'You see,' explained the teacher, 'if the window is open we have to use more heat, and then the principal up stairs sends down to us to shut it, as we are cooling his rooms.' And in this school, for reasons best known to teachers or directors, the requirements regarding exercise were ignored. There was no recess whatever, even when, as in bad weather, the session was four hours long. And the girls sat in that poison through those truly mortal hours with scarce a change of position, not even, as pleaded for, five minutes to march round the room and sit down again."

This careful mother, failing in her appeal for human treatment in the school-room, wisely withdrew her child, to lose her education if so she must, but at least to save her health.

V. Better teaching. There are in our schools many teachers whose intelligent devotion to their work cannot be repaid by either money or praise; women who not only appreciate the improvements introduced by the Board of Education, but carry them out in spite of great disadvantages. There are schools, for instance, where the lessons of the morning are habitually explained the preceding afternoon. There is at least one school whose lowest division, as most needing intelligence and experience, is taken in charge by the highest teacher. We all know women whose best life and thought and whose best years of life are put into the school-room.

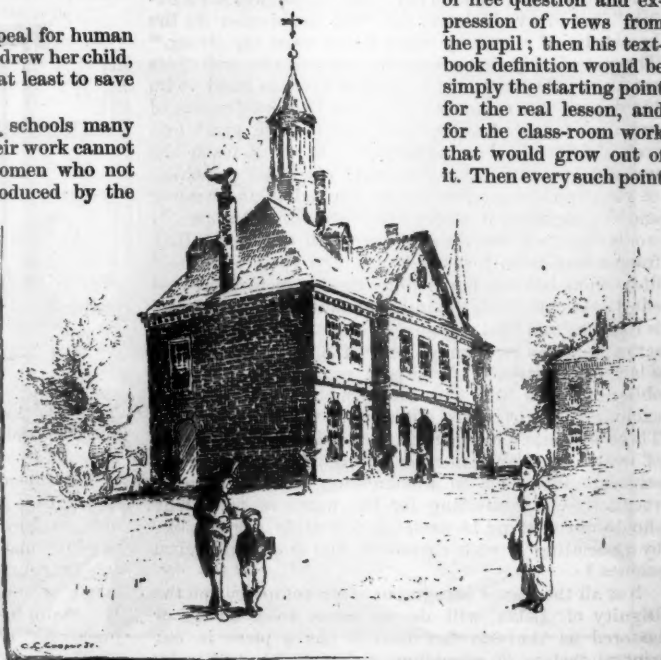
For the other sort, only one who has been a teacher can justly criticise their shortcomings; only she knows, for instance, how difficult it is to give individual attention to so large a number; only she knows how much of the time which should be employed in actual teaching is wasted in the mere effort to keep order. With fifteen or

twenty children in one room, and a teacher who knows how to keep her pupils at work, almost the whole time might be given to teaching; with twice or thrice that number, to insure the quiet essential to class work, a discipline must be maintained so unnatural, so irksome to a healthy child, so almost brutal in its exactions, as to irritate and demoralize the pupils, to weary and unnerve the teacher, and to abstract an immense proportion of time from the true object of the school. When Mr. Parker, Superintendent of the Boston Schools, was urging upon our teachers more individual interest in their pupils, one of them asked: "What would you do in my place with a division of seventy?" To which he could only reply, "I should pray for Philadelphia."

Still the fact remains that we employ many teachers who ought not to be trusted with the care of any mother's children. It is sometimes supposed, by directors and others, that the object of the public schools is to create genteel positions for interesting young women, but this is far from the truth; the schools are meant for the children, and for them only; and if any department suffers from incompetent teachers it should be re-officered, even to the point, if our supply of "native talent" fall short, of seeking for help in places where teaching has longer been taught.

Moreover, the present theory of examinations, which demands so much memorizing, is unfavorable to the broader sort of instruction. If education meant simply the fixing of certain facts and definitions in the youthful mind, it would not be so much amiss; but if, as many begin to suspect, it should mean instead the real awakening of that mind and the strengthening of its own capacities for acquirement; if it is the larger part of our business to make the pupil want to learn, and know how to learn; then what a different system must we employ, then what a world of explanations, of devices to make the unaccustomed subject clear to the tender brain, of pictures, of anecdotes, of experiments,

of free question and expression of views from the pupil; then his textbook definition would be simply the starting point for the real lesson, and for the class-room work that would grow out of it. Then every such point



PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL ACADEMY, 1790.

would take more time—much more time—but once learned, it would not be an isolated formula, inserted in the brain as by some mischance a bullet or needle in the body, but it would be as the food we digest, a part of the blood and a source of strength to the frame.

On the first theory the programme is naturally—

"Class, attention! The next geography lesson is from—what does the Eastern Continent comprise to what is a promontory page 13 anybody that misses two will be kept in till he knows it. Rise! Pass!"

On the other theory the teacher would have her black-board ready *before* the memorizing of the lesson, for the children to draw a promontory, a bay, &c. She would provide a vessel of water, and set therein a pretty, tinted papier maché island, all indented with sloping shores and dotted with trees and marked with pictured streams. She would have her waiter of soft clay, out of which they could shape a continent, and make hollows for lakes, and pinch up the mountains to their relative heights; and when they had with their own little fingers created the Isthmus of Darien, there would be small risk of being "kept in" for the text-book definition. Or if it were a lesson in weights and measures, she would turn that purgatory into a land of comparative pleasure by letting them stand behind a counter, and illustrate with real scales, and something real to weigh, the difference between Troy and Avoirdupois. In the graded course of instruction, nominally now in effect, are constantly recurring such provisions as the following: "Explanation of meaning and use of words, correction of common errors of speech, location of prominent places in the city, familiar talks about the city, object lessons, familiar talks about the senses, talks about conduct and personal habits, systematic physical exercise at end of every hour."

Are these points, all essential, observed by the teachers? How many directors insist upon their observance? How many parents go to see for themselves? One of the few reports to this effect: "Connected with our Normal School is a School of Practice, in which all the newer and better methods of the day are supposed to be taught; but these newer ways very seldom get into the class-room; the young teacher goes from her practice to her school, and settles down to the dreary grind of memorizing which was discarded in New England thirty years ago." The grand principle seems to be that one process of driving individual nails into that one faculty—the memory; the best teacher is she who can drive the largest number (to hold) in a given time; the best examiner is he whose claw-hammer questions elicit the largest number of these with the fewest confusing appeals to the general understanding.

And supposing that we had two thousand teachers, all able and willing to teach in the other fashion, they have positively not the time to do it. One excellent teacher said to a visitor: "I am constantly tempted, in my class-room, to deviate from the text-book and talk about the lesson, but I have to resist this, or I should fall behind at examination." Another confessed: "It did mortify me, at the last examination, to find that in

answer to a question in etymology, every one in the class gave the same sentence as an illustration."

Yet it is plain that there must be some accepted test for promotions, and that the form of this is a truly difficult problem. It can only be claimed in this regard, that the aim of examiners should be to discover the



FIVE MINUTES LATE.

general development of the child's intellect at the several stages of his education, rather than, or at least in large addition to, the number of unassociated facts, dates and rules, which he has succeeded in memorizing. Nor would we underestimate the value of drill, pure and simple. Any method of instruction which explains so much that the pupil has nothing to do is a vicious method; and any which habituates him to depend for his incentive to application wholly on the attractiveness of his subject is vicious. He should be so taught that he wants to learn—that is one half, and that he knows how to learn—that is the other. And to this end a carefully-measured proportion of his mental discipline should consist of absolute, patient drudgery, and a small proportion of the closest mental concentration. He should have his thinking powers so at his own command that he can at any stated time set himself to a task and make himself do it.



THIRTY-EIGHTH ST. AND DARBY ROAD, WEST PHILADELPHIA.

The trouble with Alice in Wonderland, when she tried to play croquet with the queen, was that nothing was sure to stay where it was put. When she had her hedgehog neatly rolled up, and was on the point of making a good stroke, it was as likely as not to unroll itself and amble away; or, if she did send it right for the arch, the arch might be there, or it might have straightened up and sidled off to chat with its neighbor. And so with untrained mental powers. Sometimes they are there and sometimes not; sometimes their owners are capable of intense and prolonged application, but only when they are seized from without by an idea or a motive which possesses and drives them; but in the other case they habitually possess and have power to use themselves. We must admit that even the memory needs careful cultivation, but we feel that this faculty, while it may be in danger of over-strain, is in no danger of neglect for a long time to come.

VI. *Better direction.* In our school-boards there are many men, and lately some women, of known ability and culture, who devote themselves most earnestly to the work for which they have become responsible; but, in association with these, and frustrating their efforts at every turn, are men of—let us say of another variety. "In certain states of this Union and elsewhere," says the President of the Board of Education, "the department of education is, by common consent, exempt from the use of party leaders and followers, and the interests of the schools are consequently safe." If this has become possible in other and in some cases younger states, might it not be possible in ours? With a proper system of choosing school directors, such instances as the following would be impossible:

No. 1. *Early morning. Milkman (interrupted in his chat with Bridget by the lady of the house)*—"Morning, mum. Is it that ye're goin' to fault the milk, mum?"

Lady.—"Not at all. I came out to ask your influence as school director. I am applying for a situation in your ward."

No. 2. *Teacher (in class-room).*—"Not pyanner, Miss Smith; it is pronounced piano."

Pupil.—"No, ma'am; my pop says pyanner every time, and he's a director."

No. 3. A Teacher, obliged to consult her director in sudden emergency, finds inscribed above his portal the following quaint sayings:

"LIVELY BOYS' RETREAT." "FREE LUNCH THIS DAY." "POOL PLAYED FOR DRINKS."

On the special fitness of saloon-keepers as guides and examples for youth, public opinion speaks clearly at every election in the surprising number whom it elevates to positions of immense importance in childish eyes. In regard to the large proportion, not only of mechanics who might have the needful education, but of common day-laborers—this is a free country, in which it is our boast that true merit can rise, irrespective of condition, but must it be so utterly irrespective of fitness? Your hod-carrier may be virtuous, though illiterate; he may not use his power to get situations for all the females of his tribe who, spite of general unculture, can pass a routine examination; he may resist his opportunities to provide at the same time the coal for his school and his family; as a laborer and as a citizen he may be an admirable person, but as a guide for teachers, a chooser of text-books, a manager of school expenditures, an authority on school methods, an arbiter of the destinies of education, he is a disgrace.

To repeat, then, we need to bring our schools to a level with those of our sister cities in these matters. Paid superintendence—that would be an economy in every sense: more school-houses—these we are to have: industrial training—that has become a necessity: better teaching—men and women of education and public spirit as school directors. And for these we need, per-



A PRIMARY SCHOLAR.

haps not more, possibly only a better use of money. How is the money used, by the way? In what directions have we been heretofore extravagant? Not yet in school-houses, for we remember that there are still



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AND ACADEMY, SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

many thousands of children without a chance to learn to read; not in repairs, for, bad as are the forty-five rented buildings, we are told that less than the usual amount of repairing was done, owing to the lessened appropriation of Councils for the purpose; not in the upper departments, for the chairman of the High School Committee plaintively remarks: "The reduced appropriations have cut down the facilities of the school and the pay of the professors, until serious danger is threatened to the institution." And the President of the High School reports: "The appropriation for apparatus, etc., was unfortunately reduced to a very small and insufficient amount." Not in obeying the Scripture injunction in regard to good instruction—"Let her not go, for she is thy life"—for we find that "in September, 1880, Prof. Elihu Thompson, attracted by better pay and the prospect of promotion, resigned the chair of chemistry in which he had so successfully labored four years." And the record of another valued laborer, Prof. Wilson, reads: "The over-conscientious discharge of arduous duties, combined with the anxiety caused by the loss of nearly half his salary, had undermined his constitution, and when he relinquished his work and applied for medical advice he was already a dying man."

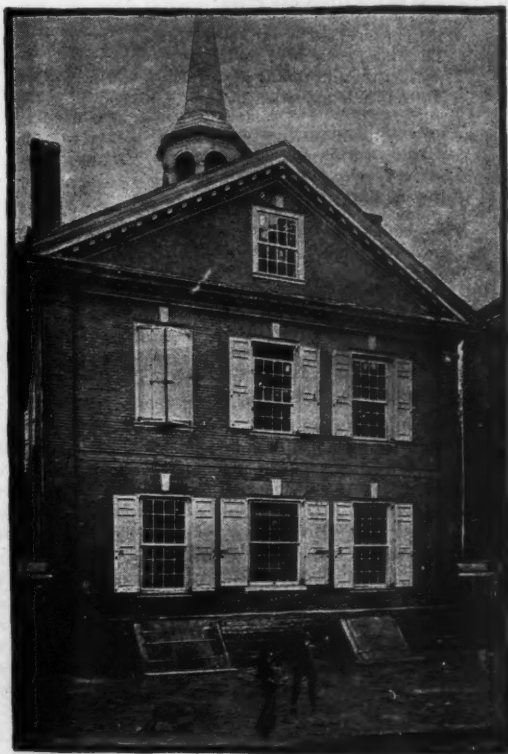
And it cannot be in the night schools, although we might forgive a little lavishness in response to the plea of men and women whose daylight hours are spent in toil, and who so long for improvement that they are willing to go right from a hard day's work to the school-room every night to get it. No, there was no wild extravagance here. The Board of Education decides that in this kind of schooling "a continuous term of four months is necessary to produce a substantial result." The special committee declares that this calls for \$25,000; the City Fathers make an appropriation of \$7500; and the night schools, consequently, close in just four weeks. That some, at least, of the pupils want more is shown by the fact that a series of evening classes for working women started last fall as an experiment by some Philadelphia ladies, kept in session from October 15 to the end of April, giving instruction to over four hundred, who appeal most earnestly for resumption next year.

But there is still another way in which our city authorities may have been a little reckless. They may have read the reports of improvements in teaching in Boston, New York, St. Louis, San Francisco and elsewhere, and become annoyed at seeing one after another ship of education furl its old canvas, put in all sorts of modern appliances, and steam away from our old-fashioned sailing vessel, leaving her almost out of sight. They may have become convinced that the best teaching can be done only by the best teachers, and that superior ability in this art, as in all others, goes where money calls it. We have, perhaps, been spending more than we could afford on salaries.

Well, no; unless there has been a change in the last two years. In the report preceding the last, the president gives the following comparative estimate of salaries:

New York, average salary of teacher,	\$814 17
Boston, " " " "	978 35
Philadelphia, " " " "	486 14

It really does seem, in view of the results, that we either do not devote a sufficient proportion of the money handed in by our citizens to school purposes, or that it



OLD GERMAN SCHOOL ON CHERRY STREET.

is poorly administered. A wise mother, in considering the claims of the household, apportions the largest means to the profoundest need. If there is not enough we ought to have more, if even we get along with fewer civic dinners and fewer patriotic occasions, and perhaps rather fewer stone dolls on our very stupendous public buildings.

But if the fault is in unsystematic expenditure, a leaf from the story of Mr. C. F. Adams of the experience of the Quincy schools may have its suggestions for us :

"As affairs stood it was plain that a great waste of public money was going on ; the statistics did not show that the town was spending an undue amount on its schools, but of the amount it was spending not fifty cents of each dollar were effectively spent. . . This waste could only be remedied in one way. . . It was determined to ask the town to employ a superintendent of schools, and to put the working out of the system in his hands."

The success of this new departure is already widely known. Without increasing their school-tax, simply by

organized management, just such management as any business corporation must use or die, they have so improved the character of the schools and of the instruction that friends of education go there from far and near to find out how. How can Philadelphia do it ? First, find a man who has studied education as a science ; pay him a salary consistent with his value, and give him such paid assistants, the best he can find of either sex, as his work demands, thus giving the force of one concerted movement to the thirty-one little independent forces now each pulling its own way. Next, organize in like manner the action of all the divisions in one school, by giving to the principal at least a part of his or her time from actual teaching for general supervision. Last, but not least, insure in each school committee an intelligent co-operation with the general plan, by removing the choice of directors from the pot-house to some higher source—by instituting some test, almost any test, of fitness ; then ability to read, if nothing more ; and let us stipulate furthermore that no school director shall run a "saloon."

ELIZA S. TURNER.

THORWALD THE NORSEMAN.

THORWALD, bravest of Norsemen,
In old King Olaf's reign,
Sailed with his father's blessing
Out to the trackless main.

With patient hearts, far southward
The small crew held their way,
They chant and pray at nightfall,
They watch and work by day.

They sought the undiscovered,
Five centuries 'fore the day
The Genoese explorer
Pursued his unknown way.

Thorwald, strong hearted and daring,
Loved by his trusty crew,
Stood at the prow of the vessel,
His fair locks backward blew.

And his clear eye, like the falcon's,
Pierced through the distance gray,
And beheld far to the westward,
Athwart the dying day,

A dim line on the horizon.
"Ho, land !" 'Fore another sun
They gained its purple headlands—
The strange new shore was won.

They landed on the green-fringed bluffs,
Of the fair New England coast ;
And Thorwald, brave, undaunted,
Was the first of all the host

To step on the sands, and greet them
In the name of Christ the Good.
Shyly the dark-skinned men peered forth
From their coverts in the wood.

And Thorwald said, "Would that I might
Abide in this sunny land,
I never would leave these bright blue skies,
Nor sail from the yellow strand."

Awed and bewildered, the natives
Beheld the fair-haired men,
Half fearing and half defiant,
As the wolf glares from his den.

With savage joy they siezed upon
The clothes of scarlet dye,
That the strangers laid before them,
And bartered with eager eye

The skins of beaver and bison
For the wonderful tinted goods ;
Then sudden, as if affrighted,
They fled like deer to the woods.

The bellow of kine from the vessel,
As it lay just off the shore,
Filled them with nameless terror ;
In it they heard the roar

Of monsters come to slay them.
Their arrows fell like hail :
"Quick ! to the ship !" cries Thorwald :
"Stand by the for'ard sail !

"And raise along the gunwales
The war-screens as ye can ;
Defend yourselves as best ye may,
Now—each and every man.

"But 'gainst these men of darkness,
Who have not known our God,
Do ye use your weapons lightly ;
Shoot slanting toward the sod."

Quickly as the natives came they fled ;
The storm of arrows past ;
And Thorwald, the strong and gentle,
Turned to his men at last :

"Is any one hurt or wounded
Amidst ye all, my men ?"
"Nay, none," they said, "among us ;"
And Thorwald answered them :

"Under my arm I have a wound—
A wound that is my last;
When I pluck forth the arrow-head
My life will follow fast.

"Make ready the gallant vessel
And Northward turn again;
Toward Greenland shalt thou steer thy course;
Now for the open main.

"But before thou loose thy moorings
Thorwald's soul will have fled
Out to the great Valhalla,
The mystery of the dead.

"But I would lie in this pleasant land;
In truth I shall abide
Where now I had so loved to live,
By the wash of its sunny tide.

"Place ye a cross then at my feet,
Another at my head;
That some day men may come and pray
Where Thorwald's soul was sped."

With sorrowful hearts the Norsemen
Buried him in the sand;
Sailed to the North and left him
In the beautiful summer land,

The land he loved so dearly,
Where his joy had been so brief;
And they carried the heavy tidings
Home to his father Leif.

ALICE E. IVES.

THE NEW FICTION.

ENGLISH prose fiction, in its present development, differs so greatly from its earlier forms as to make it seem almost a new order of literature. In all other departments of composition, prose and poetic, we look back to the by-gone days for models which we endeavor to approach, but dare not hope to surpass. In prose fiction alone have we renounced the old standards. Any one reading the memoirs and letters of the last century can not fail to be struck with the sensation produced by the works of that pioneer among novelists, Samuel Richardson. Thackeray assures us that "the great author was accustomed to be adored. A gentler wind never puffed mortal vanity. Enraptured spinsters flung tea-leaves around him and incensed him with the coffee-pot. Matrons kissed the slippers they had worked for him. There was a halo of virtue round his night-cap. All Europe had thrilled, panted, admired, trembled, wept over the pages of the immortal, little, kind, honest man with the round paunch." The modern reader, who, from the obscure corner of some old library, takes down the eight dusty volumes which contain "The History of Clarissa Harlowe," wonders at the taste as well as the patience of the age which found such delight in its pages, and, except as antiquities, finds in them no charm. Richardson's model was followed pretty closely by his successors, and for many years there was no other type.

What then are the characteristics of these stories over which our ancestors "thrilled, trembled and wept"? After our modern way, let us let in a little cool daylight upon the scene. It is a gorgeous pageant truly, where the heroines are "mad in white satin," the heroes know no weakness but love, and happiness is deferred till the last page by incredibly fiendish machinations. It takes a tremendous amount of machinery to move the puppets about the stage, and the interest depends, not upon the development of the characters themselves, but upon the combination of events and the distribution of rewards and punishments, which are always in exact ratio to the approval or disapproval we have been led to feel for the separate individuals. Poverty is either picturesque or brutal; riches are the proper and certain reward of virtue and the crowning grace of beauty; outward success is the only measure of character; these were the lessons, if any lessons there were, of the old fiction.

In a general way, then, we should say that in those days fiction meant *invention*; an ingenious manipulation of incident, mystery and adventure through which one must needs rush in breathless haste in order to see how the much-tangled skein will unravel itself. There is no study of character, no development from within, and not a single noble sentiment or high thought from the mouths of one of these elegant personages remains to perpetuate their memories. Nor do we feel any further concern with them when once well off our hands. The various enterprises in which they were engaged being disposed of, we know so little of their inner constitutions that we can by no means conceive what they would do under any other circumstances, nor do we much care. Altogether, this artificial world of elegant sorrows, of men who are either paragons of virtue or monsters of vice, pouring out high-flown compliments at the feet of sighing and blushing women, is so foreign to our present notions that we find only relief in turning from it to our own life of common sense and duty.

It is not easy to point to the exact time when the old fiction began to pass out of date. Goldsmith seems to have been the first to whom it occurred that it was worth while to paint a true and faithful picture of humble life in its daily walks. Miss Burney and Jane Austen, although in no sense his imitators, possessed some of his virtues, and had also a great influence in correcting the popular taste for impossible heroes and heroines and making nature and simplicity attractive, and in Sir Walter Scott the old Grandison ideal has disappeared altogether. He said of himself, "I am a bad hand at depicting a hero, properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers and all others of Robin Hood description." Scott still relied largely upon incident, but it was the incident of the every-day world, transformed by his "Wizard" hands into a region echoing with music and brilliant with color. He had little invention but vast powers of combination. His great art consisted in combining characters and events so as to bring out in high relief the pictures of the times, the illustrious personages or the state of manners. Often the nominal hero or heroine becomes of quite subsidiary interest to these. The image of the fair-haired Rowena, or even the stately Rebecca and gallant Ivanhoe may

fade from our remembrance, but the picture of England of the twelfth century, unsettled and disturbed by conflicting institutions, never grows dim. We look on at the tournament, enter the chapter house of the Templars, mingle with the outlaws in the greenwood, enjoy the rough games of the peasantry, watch the unerring arrow of Locksley, storm the castles of Front de Bœuf, note the conditions of serfdom—in a word, feel ourselves to be a part of this wonderful era. Scott is painter of scenes rather than of portraits. If we read him as lovers of polite literature, as inquirers into social forces and historical movements, we shall be filled. If we go to him as students of human nature we shall come away empty. While we shall not live to see the time when Scott shall cease to be cited for his pictures of life and manners, we shall find in all his volumes scarcely a quoted or quotable line.

The new fiction is based upon a principle entirely different from its predecessors. Its leading premise is that "the greatest study of mankind is man." There is no longer any rushing through the plot in order to reach the catastrophe. There is no culminating point of interest, for the interest rests upon the degree in which the life is true to universal human nature and touches the springs of human experience. *Incident* is superseded by *delineation*. The inward not the outward life is the theme; character, not events; and character in its delicate shades rather than in its prominent traits. The writer does not stand as a calm and indifferent showman, unrolling a marvelous panorama of startling and brilliant scenes; he enters into the position and feelings of his actors, in order that he may depict the motive and the life of a soul, and the movement and issue depend upon what *that soul* evolves from the conditions in which it is placed. Often we make its acquaintance at a very early stage of development. Little Maggie Tulliver, loving and misunderstood, relieving her impetuous and aggrieved spirit by driving nails into the head of her wooden doll, is the sufficient prophecy of the later Maggie, smarting under the reproaches of her beloved brother, yet going out to brave the night and storm and meet death in his arms. Knowing the loneliness and spiritual famine of Jane Eyre's early days, we are not surprised, even while ourselves only half tolerating Mr. Rochester, that he manages "to suit little Jane," "to the inmost fibre of her being," and we are quite prepared for whatever George and Harry Warrington may do in manhood, because we have known them since they were little boys.

Where we have not this advantage of long acquaintance, an intimate knowledge of the interior nature is furnished us in some other way. George Eliot shows us the handsome, gifted, well-meaning Tito Melema yielding through weakness, rather than through intent, to his first temptation to deception. It was a very little step, taken almost unconsciously, and one easy to be retraced. But it is not retraced, and we note his arguments with himself for his own justification; we discover how inevitably each downward step makes easy the next one until we behold the utter ruin of the promising young hero. Out of Tito's experiences George Eliot educes such aphorisms as these—aphorisms so simple and forceful that they fasten themselves in the memory and stand out in letters of light for warning or reproof in our own time of trial:

"We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character."

"Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual

selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems to be a reason why we should always be noble."

When all allowance has been made for the frequent exaggeration and caricature of Dickens, with what wonderful intuition does he enter into the feelings of all forms of humanity! Where others behold only squalidness and rags, he sees the Divine image; where others perceive only the uncouth and repulsive, he detects the deep and sincere things "which make the whole world kin." Whether he depicts the vulgar hypocrisy of Squeers, the wolfish malignity of Quilp, the weak prudery of Miss Miggs, the roaring conviviality of Swiveller, the last and most secret workings of the soul of Bill Sykes, stained with crime and waiting for death; or whether with a refined perception of moral beauty, he portrays the gentle purity of Little Nell, the unselfish devotion of Florence Dombey or Agnes Wickfield, we recognize always the same searching humanity, which is something more and higher than either observation or imagination. Always the characters are everything, the story nothing; it is the mind, heart, nerve, not the accidents of circumstance that chiefly concern our thoughts.

In this inquiry into the motive of the new fiction, one reluctant conclusion is thrust upon us, namely, that its happiest illustrations are not to be found among American writers. The "great American novel" so long anxiously awaited and often prematurely announced, still lingers in the future. "Of course," says the despairing critic, "it is an impossibility. In America, there are no materials; there is no background, no historic associations; everything is too new, too crude, too practical, too commonplace."

Indeed we search almost in vain for novelists whom we may name in the same rank with Thackeray and George Eliot; but let us not place the responsibility where it does not belong. It is not because of lack of literary skill, for our writers, some of them, are masters of a style which for pure, clear, terse and picturesque English ranks among the best models; nor is it because of dull perceptions, for our writers possess a keenness of insight, a delicacy of analysis quite unsurpassed. Their weakness lies rather in the absence of color and warmth; their uniform tendency is to avoid the great passions, the stirring emotions, and to deal with life in its minor and insignificant relations only. Whether this springs from conscious limitations of artistic power, or whether it is only the extreme of the rebound from the old sensational school, it is certainly true that from the most earnest and vigorous land in the world we get nothing but pictures of people of very little earnestness or vigor, and whose experiences are as little worthy consideration as those of the triflers of real life. They please us momentarily, but we do not desire to continue the acquaintance. We close the books, for the most part with a feeling of regret that the hero is not more of a man, and the heroine more of a woman, in order that we might honestly sympathize with their fortunes and affections. There are few lives that know not some supreme hours—hours of soul-struggle, of triumphant victory or overwhelming defeat—hours when joy or grief rends the very roots of being. To depict the poetry and pathos of such hours is the art of the great English masters of prose narrative; only when American writers shall approach them in spirit, as they already do in style, may we expect from them shining examples of the new fiction.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

CAPRICES OF THE PERIOD.

A WRITER in the London *Daily News* complains vigorously of the present fashions for men. He says they force his neck into the all-round collar, his knees into trousers so tight that one wonders how he ever got into them, and his feet into pointed boots. "Then," continues this writer, "there is another misery, too, which is darkly shadowed forth in certain rigid—unnaturally rigid—lines about the waist, and in a faint sound of creaking. Can it be that there are men who voluntarily undergo the misery of the tightly-laced corset?"

I should have read this dire suggestion with only a passing smile, or rejected it as a malicious libel on the manly Englishman, had not one of the most manly of men confided to me, a few days ago, his regret that the fashion of corsets was being revived among the *jeunesse dorée*. My informant was a client of the great Poole, and a man of fashion, and though he had *not*, himself, condescended to corsets, he assured me that many men whom he knew were wearing them, and to that fact was owing the unusual trimness of their waists. It is the present idea of beauty in men's evening dress to have clothes that fit the figure almost like the skin; and the extremists strive to make that figure as much like a fashion-plate as possible by lacing. Surely there is too much good sense in the world for such a folly to become at all general, even among men of fashion; but it seems like a kind of protest against the somewhat overdone glorification of muscle and brawn; and, after all, it is only a revival. The men in Lawrence's books—or, to speak of healthier literature, in Charles Kingsley's—were no manlier than that noble Englishman, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Ellenborough wore well-fitting corsets and a beautiful curling wig, and even rouged his manly cheeks.

Talking of protests, I fancy that estheticism, in its exaggerated form, is a protest against loudness and fastness. A few years ago the Girl of the Period was unmistakably fast. She stormed society. She talked a horsey kind of slang. An odor of surreptitious cigarettes hung about her. Mrs. Lynn Linton satirized her very cleverly in the *Saturday Review*. *Punch* immortalized her in a laugh. Novelists adorned their tales with her, and pointed their morals at her. At last she grew to feel herself "bad form," and changed her fashions and her manners. She became a disciple of "Beauty in Life," and went forth to conquer in limp robes and with a lily in her hand.

At first she had the charm of novelty as well as of grace. To come upon her in her limp raiment and ruffled hair, rapt, as it seemed, in some tender trance of dreaming, was like meeting a rare, fair creature from another and more stately and gracious world. Her garments smelled of lavender—no suspicions of secret nicotine defiled them. Her talk—when she talked at all—was of Beauty and Worship, and themes which she called High and Precious. You saw her in her own drawing-room, among her blue china, in a stained-glass attitude, and you might have fallen in love with her, but that she seemed singularly ill-adapted to all the every-day uses of life—as much made just to be looked at as ever was a lady in a picture. She was out of place at balls. Even the opera seemed too worldly a setting for her. She went to hear Wagner's music and see Burne Jones' pictures, and she read Rossetti's poems, without, I fear, understanding too much of

them; and she called the music and the pictures and the poems all "precious," and said that their creators were "high souls," smitten like herself with a "Divine Despair."

Now there have grown to be too many of *her*. When the Fast Young Lady became common, she became vulgar and odious. The Esthetic young lady, in becoming common has become amusing, and the one is as fatal as the other. Limp gowns and faint lilies are doomed to go out of fashion. The caprices of the esthete have been numerous. They have not been contented to be "Early English"—they have even aspired to be Greek. A season or two ago a charming and beautiful poetess appeared in London society in a quaint and graceful robe—a sort of peplum, borrowed from the ladies of ancient Greece—a white, softly-falling garment, heavy with gold embroidery, which Grecian Helen might have coveted. It was a shining success. Then an inspiration came to our poetess. She would give a party which, as far as the toilets of the women were concerned, should be all Greek. Two sole exceptions were permitted. One was in favor of a venerable lady who was nearly eighty years of age; and to whose withered arms the cold-blooded revelation of the peplum seemed unsuited, while she was already Greek, by virtue of a translation; and the other was a well-known literary woman, whose weight is some two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and who could hardly be expected to appear in flowing robes. The men were the trouble. The fair poetess knew her countrymen too well to fancy that she could persuade them to don the attire of Greece. She must take them in claw-hammer coats, or not at all. So she submitted to the inevitable, and resolved to treat us to the mixed spectacle of nymphs, with nineteenth century faces, clad as Aspasia was clad when she charmed Pericles, and attended by solemn Englishmen, clothed decorously by the tailors of to-day.

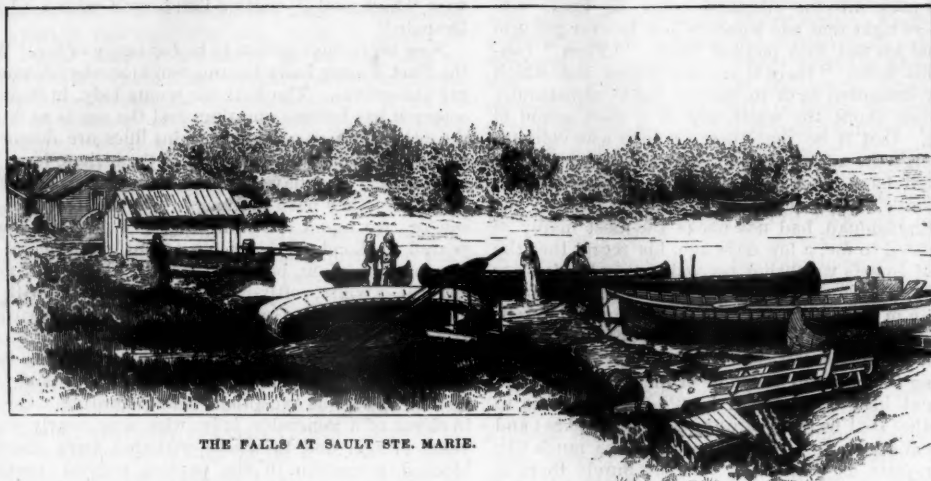
The cards of invitation definitely stated the costumes required, and a grand commotion was produced among the fair recipients. Self examination became searching. *Will my arms do?* was the question which shook Society. One lady who has found—so her admirers aver—"the lost arms of the Venus of Milo," ordered her peplum and sandals at once. Others "hesitated," and then were "lost," in the Greek garments. Two gentle sisters, fairest of the fair, and great friends of the hostess, looked sorrowfully at themselves and each other, and sent regrets—their arms were too thin.

The night came, and it was a goodly sight to see spacious rooms, all flowers and draperies and divans and soft cushions, full of women who looked as if they might have stepped out of a Greek chorus, while among them moved erect, energetic, Nineteenth Century men, in well-fitting evening dress suggestive of Poole and Nicol.

The caprices of Fashion are much like the figures thrown by a magic lantern. Scarcely do you get used to them when they retire. The Esthetic Young Lady must already make way for her successor. Who will score the next social success, I wonder? Will it be, perchance, fair creatures who wear French toilettes and pride themselves on their resemblance to the distinguished lay figures in the perilous parlors of Worth? They would, at least, be fit companions for the men who have already secretly betaken themselves to corsets.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
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CANOE LIFE IN THE NORTH.



THE FALLS AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

BETWEEN Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay there are several chains of lakes and small rivers offering facilities for communication by canoe with numerous portages and rapids, more or less frequent, according to the stage of the water. By these routes the inland posts of the Hudson's Bay Company receive their supplies and send to the principal posts or factories the accumulated results of their trade with the Indian fur-hunters. In the same way, during the season of navigation, the employes receive and return their mail-matter, which during the winter is carried by sledges and snow-shoes. Of the geography of these regions little is known with accuracy, for until lately the only travelers were the *voyageurs* and factors of the Company. The operations of the Canadian Geological Survey, the survey for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and the pursuit of sport, have recently taken strangers through parts of the more accessible regions, particularly in the vicinity of the Nipigon, but still the water courses are but imperfectly mapped out, and the country is almost a *terra incognita*.

In the spring of '80, a small private exploring expedition was organized with a two-fold object. To the benefits to be derived from the two or three months' experience in canoe and tent, with out-door life and exercise and an entire change in the mode of living, were to be added a running survey of the rivers and lakes to be passed over in the voyage, the investigation of magnetic phenomena, the location of principal points by astronomical observations, and in general the collection of such information as might be of interest or of use.

The proposed canoe route was to commence at Michipicoten, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, near the mouth of the river of the same name, emptying into the northeastern part of Lake Superior; thence to proceed against the stream to its source, and through the chain of lakes at the height of land, to the Moose or Missinaibi River, and by the latter to Moose Factory. It was originally intended to continue from the Moose along the shore of Hudson's Bay to Fort Albany, and to return to Lake Superior by the way of Osnaburg House,

but that idea was abandoned, owing to the lateness of the season and to unexpected delays.

The principals in the expedition were Mr. G. W. Hill, of the Nautical Almanac Office at Washington; Mr. C. H. Rockwell, of Tarrytown, N. Y., and myself; and our party consisted at the outset of six half-breeds, an Indian guide being employed in addition while in the Moose River. Our outfit of provisions, cooking utensils, tents, track-lines, portage-straps and the odds and ends necessary for such a trip, was procured mainly in Montreal, supplemented at the Sault Ste. Marie and completed at Michipicoten. The instruments employed in making the survey and the magnetic and astronomical observations, were two pocket compasses, a sextant and artificial horizon, two good watches and a superior one, two thermometers, an aneroid barometer, and a portable theodolite magnetometer. Of these, all except the latter, which was loaned to me by the late Chief of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, were our private property, and in addition Mr. Hill took with him a portable photographic outfit with dry plates.

Proceeding by rail to Detroit, I there took passage in the steamer *China* to the Sault Ste. Marie, (which for brevity I will call by its more familiar name of the *Soo*.) My first experience of lake navigation was very enjoyable. A magnificent steamer, courteous and competent officials, a good-natured, well-behaved set of passengers, an excellent table, a smooth sea, pleasant weather and a sense of security derived from a quiet inspection of the excellent arrangements for fire and collision, combined to make my salt-water criticism of fresh-water navigation emphatically complimentary.

I doubt very much, judging from my own experience, the possibility of forming a correct idea of the size of these great lakes, until a voyage is undertaken, when, as the hours go by, and the land disappears, and nothing is seen but the sky and the water and an occasional sail, the traveler gradually realizes that he has found an inland ocean. We were several hours with no land in

sight after leaving Port Huron. The morning of the 10th of July we passed through the Ne-bish Rapids, and two hours later landed at the "Soo." From the roof of the pilot house I watched the handling of the *China* in these narrow waters, and found much to admire in the quiet manner of carrying on the ship's routine, and giving and executing orders.

On the 15th of July I was joined by my friends, who had been delayed by some misunderstanding about the canoe. This we found much too small for our wants, and a search was made for others. Canoes were scarce. None could be bought, and the few that could be hired were in all cases to be accompanied by their owners. A bargain was finally made for two medium-sized canoes belonging to John Boucher and Daniel Mackaye, and in addition to these two men we engaged three others, of whom two had been highly recommended. They were all half-breeds, and proved hard-working, jovial, good-natured fellows, splendid canoe men and handy in camp—all they had been represented to be.

On the 20th of July the *Manitoba* arrived with a party of tourists, under their manager. This was our only chance of getting to Michipicoten by steamer for twenty days; so, in spite of the excessive crowd on board, we took passage in her with our two canoes, tents, cooking utensils, general outfit and provisions for ten men for forty-five days. The trip of fourteen hours from the Soo to the Michipicoten river was one of decided discomfort, and the steamer's whistle at four the next morning, announcing our arrival off the river, was a most welcome sound. Our canoes were launched and loaded with part of our stores, and leaving the remainder to be brought ashore in the Mackinaw boat belonging to the post, we proceeded to Michipicoten. This, my first experience in a birch-bark canoe, was disappointing as to their weight and stability. I found them very much heavier and very much more stable than the *bydarks*, or skin boats, used by the natives of the Aleutian Islands. Even the wooden canoes of British Columbia are much more "tender," and, if I remember

half from the wreck. Track lines, spruce-gum, linen for canoe patches, twine for rabbit snares, and tobacco for presents to Indians met on the way, were purchased, and another half-breed was engaged for the crew. The old guide returned with three canoes from Missinaibi, and after an unsatisfactory parley with him, we decided to push on to the height of land with no other guide than our own men (all of them, with one exception, having been over this part of the route frequently), and to trust to getting our guide for the Moose river at Missinaibi.

Another change in the matter of canoes became necessary, so we hired a larger one from the Hudson's Bay Company and stored John Boucher's at the post until our return. A visit to the wigwam of an old chief, at the mouth of the river, disabused my mind of the traditional stolidity of the Indian. With his squaw he was building a large canoe, and in spite of the limited vocabulary of Chippewa at my disposal, in which, however, I had the advantage of the chief—for he couldn't speak a word of English—I picked up several ideas about canoe-building, and during the visit the chief, his squaw and an old Indian neighbor laughed frequently and at every remark made by any one of us. Indeed, during our entire trip of two months and a half, I met but one Indian who was not merry and talkative.

In my instrumental work in the potato-garden of the post I made the acquaintance of the black fly. I don't know his scientific name, but he will be easily recognized without one. About one-third the size of the common house-fly, with his fore-legs striped black and white like a fair-way buoy, he is the busiest, most inquisitive, most persistent and most bloodthirsty little nuisance I have ever seen, resembling very much the *burrochudo* of Brazil. He is very easily killed, but his family is so numerous that unless one has nothing to do but to ward them off, the victim will in a very few moments be streaming with his own blood from their bites. No sting follows immediately, as from the bite of a mosquito, but an open wound is made, from which the blood flows freely, and



HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST AT MICHIPICOTEN RIVER.

correctly, they are much lighter than birch canoes of the same size.

At the Hudson's Bay Post of Michipicoten we were hospitably received and entertained during a delay of two days, caused by the absence of the guide whom we hoped to employ. The time was utilized in overhauling our provisions. Our bacon we found alive with maggots. The men unpacked it all, cut out the affected parts, washed the remainder, and so rescued about one-

which soon afterward becomes painful and smart for a day or two. The favorite spots selected by these pirates are on the forehead, just under the hat-band, and in the beard and whiskers.

Finally, on the 23d of July, shortly after noon, we commenced our canoe trip. In the large canoe hired from the Hudson's Bay Company Messrs. Hill and Rockwell took four of the men and the greater part of the provisions. I followed in the small canoe belonging to

Daniel, with the lighter stores and the instruments, with the two remaining paddlers. Seats were improvised on the bags of blankets, clothing and provisions. Nearly all the latter had been transferred from barrels and boxes to bags purchased for that purpose for convenience in transporting over the portages.

As long as the river was broad and the current comparatively slow, the men kept to their paddles, but the first gentle rapids reached they laid them aside and began poling. The scene afforded by this operation was wild in the extreme. Six stout, dusky fellows, costumed in various colors, shouting and laughing at the top of their lungs, while in each canoe they timed their movements by the bow-man, putting their whole strength on the poles, which bent and sprung; the rushing water boiling all around us; the canoes seemingly understanding the situation and responding with a quiver as they were forced through the water; the wild echoes from the hills and the forests—all combined to render the oc-

met with in the whole distance between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay by this route, and it came somewhat inconveniently, for there we were at the commencement of our journey with our full supply of provisions, all of which, as well as the canoes, had to be carried the entire distance of about one and two-thirds miles to the upper end of the portage. Owing to the lateness of the hour, it was decided to camp, and the spot selected was at five minutes' walk from our landing place. The men discharged the canoes and carried them up the steep trail to a sheltered spot where they would be protected from rain, in order that in the morning they would be dry and ready to be patched and gummed, which I found was the usual preliminary to our day's work. The cargoes were next carried to the camp, and the cooks, of whom we had two, set about the preparations for supper, while others of the men pitched the tents and stowed perishable articles, such as flour, beans and sugar, under shelter of the canoes and tarpaulins.



VIEW ON LITTLE RIVER.

casian novel and impressive. Occasional spurts would be made by one or the other canoe, and at times mine would lead, while in general the larger canoe kept ahead, and this friendly rivalry and boyish good-nature continued throughout the trip, even under the most discouraging circumstances.

Occasionally the men would lay the canoes side by side, in an eddy, or, if in the stream, a pole was put in the bottom or among the bushes on the bank, while they enjoyed a few minutes' smoke and converse in a strange alternation of French, Chippewa and English. John Boucher was recognized as the leading spirit, and his remarks would provoke roars of laughter from the others, who frequently repeated some striking expression of his.

After three hours of paddling and poling, we came upon rocky surroundings, and soon afterward made our first landing at the foot of the Long Portage, on the right bank of the river. This is the longest portage

The portage of the canoes is a delicate task, for the least touch by a projecting branch is apt to tear the tender birch bark. They are usually carried inverted, and ours were generally taken on the shoulders of three men, though sometimes four would be required for the larger, and again two would suffice for the smaller one. They preferred three men, for the strain was always better equalized than when four bore the burden. Two men side by side would carry at about a third the length of the canoe from its forward end, while the other would be as far aft as he could get, with both rails of the canoe resting on his shoulders. Walking slowly in this way, with their heads out of sight inside the canoe, they would brush the branches aside with their hands, and in the denser growth feel their way very cautiously, stopping upon feeling the least pressure against the bark and removing the obstacle.

The cargoes were carried by means of portage-straps,

which resemble boys' slings without the hole in the middle. An oval-shaped piece of leather, six inches long and two and a half inches wide at its middle, was placed well up on the forehead, while the two tails of five feet in length, each sewed to the oval and gradually

fused heap over irregular rocks into a basin which it had worn at its foot, whence it continued its way, dirty amber-colored, still broken and foaming, to take numerous smaller tumbles on its way to the river at our landing place of the night before. Dr. Robert Bell, of the



DANIEL'S CANOE.

tapering from one inch wide to a quarter inch at their ends, supported a bag around which they had been previously tied, and which rested against the small of the back. Upon this bag others were piled, and the carrier, leaning well forward, trotted off quite nimbly, steadying the whole burden by his hands, grasping the uppermost article behind his back.

At the camp we found the mosquitoes attending to business. My fellow travelers, with the nets attached to their hat bands, and their long gloves on, were protected from these pests, but I was obliged to resort to other means, for I needed my hands for manipulating tangent screws, and, of course, must keep my face free for observing. I had purchased at the Soo a mixture of oil of tar and oil of pennyroyal, and by anointing my face, neck and hands with it, I was free to work about ten minutes with comfort. By that time the oils had evaporated and the mosquitoes returned to their work, necessitating further anointment. After dark there was a very heavy dew, and I was forced to abandon my observations, and being rather fatigued from constant bailing of my canoe, which leaked badly, I was not sorry to retire to my tent, where I found a tempting bed laid with spruce boughs under my rubber cloth and one pair of woolen blankets. It was cold enough to render the other pair none too much covering.

My first night in the tent was passed very comfortably. We were up with the lark the next morning, and while the cooks were preparing breakfast the others carried the canoes and part of the cargoes well on their way to the other end of the portage. Distant about half an hour's walk from our camp, a little to the south of the trail, I found the fall which is the cause of the portage. There was nothing beautiful about it. Merely an immense volume of water falling in a broken, con-

Canadian Geological Survey, gives the entire descent of the river, from head to foot of this portage, as one hundred and ninety feet, of which he says "about half is in a nearly perpendicular fall close to the head of the portage."

We took dinner at the upper end, and then the men completed the portage and patched the canoes, and at about four o'clock we continued on our way. In about an hour we came to what is known as a *demicharge*, where the rapids, though not strong enough to necessitate a portage, are sufficiently so to render it advisable to carry on shore a part of the load. In this case it was considered sufficient for the human freight to disembark, leaving in each canoe one man to steady and guide her, while the others, shouting and laughing at their loudest, "tracked" them through the rapids. Up to their knees at times in the water, at others crawling under overhanging trees and bushes, they hauled on the long, light track line, making play of their somewhat difficult task. Eight minutes' walk over a good trail brought us to the upper end of the *demicharge*, where we started again in the canoes. Four minutes later another *demicharge* was reached, and a six minutes' walk brought us to a spot above the rapids, where it was decided to camp for the night.

The canoes were discharged and landed, tents were pitched and supper was prepared, amid much merriment on the part of our men. The facility with which fires are started and the pots and kettles are hung is bewildering to one unacquainted with the expedients of camp life. A piece of birch bark, a few splinters from a dry log, a few limbs from a dead tree, a log or two from the same—all is ready and the match is applied, when, presto! in a few moments a roaring fire is blazing. Meanwhile poles are cut and pointed, they are

driven slanting into the ground, so that their ends overhang the fire, slight notches are made on the upper side near the upper end of each, and the handles of the kettles find there a resting place. No matches are wasted, for they are too precious, and from the tightly-corked bottle in which they are kept rarely does the cook find it necessary to take more than one to light his fire. Other fires for warmth are lighted from the first. Our practice was to have the cooking fire, and one in front of each tent, for in general we found our nights very cold, and until stowed under the blankets we were glad

The next morning, Sunday, broke upon us cloudy and threatening, but at about eight o'clock cleared off fine. A refreshing bath in an eddy of the rapids prepared me for the bacon and tea, which, with rice and tolerably good bread, formed our breakfast. Milk was of course a thing of the past, and possibly of the future. Butter was in the same category, but in order not to eat dry bread we had a small keg of excellent syrup in our stores. Every one who has made the attempt knows that when pouring from the bung-hole of a cask or a keg nine-tenths of the liquor runs down the staves, while



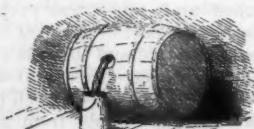
A PORTAGE LOAD FOR ONE.

to be near a roaring log fire. Timber cost nothing, and being in general very plentiful, we spared it not.

During the night it came on to rain, and I was awakened by a cold splash on my face to find the water pouring in along the ridge-pole through an opening in the end of the tent. I had an A tent, in which the ridge-pole extended through at each end, resting in crutches outside. This form has the advantage of making more room in the tent, none being taken up by these uprights as when they are inside. But on this, my second night in camp, I thus became aware of one of the disadvantages. Later on I found these openings convenient for the mosquitoes to enter, and I learned to stop them with branches of leaves, through which in heavy rains occasional drops would trickle, though less frequently than before.

if tolerably successful the remainder goes where it is wanted. Sailors, who make constant use of small kegs, known as breakers, nail below the bung-hole a crescent-shaped piece of leather, which leads the liquor where it should go; but our men didn't happen to have any crescent-shaped pieces of leather, so they made use of a knife in a very ingenious manner by forcing its edge into the wood below the bung, so that the knife-blade acted like a lip of a pitcher, and prevented the waste of our precious syrup.

An hour after leaving camp we came to the foot of Thunder Hill, a steep cliff, from which enormous blocks of stone had fallen from time to time, with an occasional grand slide of tons upon tons of solid rock. This hill is, according to the traditions of the Indians, the starting point of all thunder-storms in



SAILOR FASHION.



"INJUN" FASHION.

that vicinity, and from its summit the great Manitou issues his shouts of displeasure, whence the Indians named it Thunder Hill.

Dinner was eaten in a pouring rain, which lasted from noon till two. At three we reached the foot of Cat Portage, which is rough and stony throughout the lower and middle parts, and very swampy elsewhere. A walk of nine minutes carried me to the upper end, where I endeavored to observe the sun for time. The mosquitoes were thicker than anywhere else so far, and made my life a burden during the intervals between the evaporation of my tar and pennyroyal mixture and the application of another quantity. We found that some one, probably the party just returned from Missinabi, had improvised a small wharf to facilitate the loading or unloading of the canoes, which had to be done at a little distance from the shore, owing to the great quantity of rocks and boulders. On the end of the wharf was a pole surmounted by a pair of caribou horns.

Canoes and cargo had all to be carried, which detained us two hours and a quarter. We then started in Little Whitefish Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by low hills, and after paddling a little more than an hour made camp for the night on a thinly-wooded plateau, a short distance southwest from Frenchman's Rapids. Timber suitable for our fires was very scarce, and, to get spruce boughs for our beds the men had to go a distance of nearly a mile from camp. Mosquitoes were out by myriads. My observations after dark afforded them considerable amusement, though their pleasure was not unalloyed, thanks to my mixture of the oils of tar and pennyroyal.

Through the Frenchman's Rapids the canoes were tracked the next morning with their full loads, while we walked across the portage. We found a cold wind blowing down Great Whitefish Lake, in which we continued our journey after an hour's delay at the Frenchman's



PORTAGING THE CARGO.

Rapids. Pigeon Portage came next, where the small canoe and the cargoes of both were carried, but the large canoe was tracked through the rapids. Mosquitoes were very few there, and after completing the portage we ate our dinner in comparative comfort, starting again at one in Manitounik Lake, and paddling steadily for five hours to the foot of Big Stony Portage. We made camp for the night on the hill, about five minutes' walk from the landing-place.

SAMUEL W. VERY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S INVOCATION.

Come to me, love, with the flush of the summer,
Come with its fragrance, its music, its mirth;
Come when the bird-songs are filling the forest,
Come when the roses are crimsoning earth.
Come with the blue and the silver of dawning,
Come with the lark-song, come with the light,
Come with the rose and the splendor of sunset,
Come with the stars and silence of night.
Or come when old holly-crowned winter is reigning
Over the land where sweet summer has been;
Come with its sleigh-bells, come with its snowflakes,
Come with its glitter, its sparkle, its sheen;

Come with the crocus and daisy of Spring time,
Come with the fall of the crimsoning leaves,
Come when you're eagerly sowing Hope's harvest,
Come when you garner its beautiful sheaves.
Come when your life is a pean of gladness,
Come when all honor and glory are thine,
Or when your heart is grown weary with sadness,
Come to the love and the shelter of mine.
Truth cannot change, dear, Faith cannot falter,
Death cannot kill though it striketh Love dumb,
And, if sleeping, my darling, beneath God's green altar,
The daisies will whisper your name when you Come!

K. TEMPLE MORE.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

It had been Fillmore's intention to call on Perdita the next morning, and acquaint her with the details of what had happened. She was, theoretically at all events, nearly interested in the matter. She was Bendibow's adopted daughter, and his credit or disgrace must more or less affect her. She might desire to take some action about the affair, and, as Bendibow was already in the hands of the authorities, and seemed inclined to be somewhat outspoken, there was no time to be lost. Whatever defense of the unfortunate baronet was to be attempted, would naturally be intrusted to Fillmore; and it was necessary that he should be acquainted with the views and wishes of all concerned. Perdita, moreover, was capable not only of having desires, but of suggesting ingenious and practical methods of accomplishing them: and though Fillmore was not accustomed to ask advice from his clients, or to accept it when offered, he was ready to make an exception in Perdita's case. She had brains, sound judgment, and quickness of wit superior to Fillmore's own—more elastic and adaptable. Furthermore, the lawyer was in love with the lady, and was not the man to forego any opportunity of strengthening his relations with her. He had resolved never to give her up, and in order to carry out that resolve, it was indispensable, in the case of a woman like Perdita, to use every advantage at his disposal.

He had arranged to make his call as early as ten o'clock, which, after all, was not so early seventy years ago as it is now. But fortune, who often leads men to destruction by simply improving the grade of the path they are already inclined to travel, so arranged events that Fillmore received, while he was yet at breakfast, a short note from the Marquise herself, dispatched to him from her bed-chamber by special messenger, requesting his speedy presence at her house. "You will know, without my telling you, why I want to speak to you," she wrote: "and I send to you thus early so that you may be able to come before you go to the city. I shall be expecting you by nine o'clock. Pardon my haste and informality, *mon ami*: I have confidence in you."

This communication no doubt improved the lawyer's appetite, and imparted a more exquisite flavor to the coffee that he quaffed from the delicate cup of painted Meissen porcelain. He allowed the little note to remain open on the table beside him; he scrutinized its curious chirography, at once rounded and sharp, bold, characteristic, and yet difficult to read. A faint, very faint perfume emanated from it, reminding him of the writer; her lovely hand had rested upon this paper; her breath had touched it. The lawyer bent down, perhaps to examine it more closely. . . . At that moment the servant entered, to inquire when Mr. Fillmore wanted his carriage. Mr. Fillmore raised his head quickly, hemmed, pulled up his collar, and replied that fifteen minutes before nine would be time enough. The servant withdrew, and Fillmore, glancing at the mirror opposite, detected

an unmistakable blush on his ordinarily pale cheeks. He bit his lip; then, catching up the letter, he kissed it and put it in his pocket.

At five minutes past nine he arrived at the Marquise's house and was immediately ushered into a charming ante-room adjoining the lady's chamber. In a few moments the door of the latter opened, and the Marquise appeared. She had on a flowing dressing-gown of white cachemere lined with quilted satin and bordered with flowers worked in gold thread. Her bright reddish hair was drawn up to the top of her head, revealing the beautiful line and pose of her white neck; and her slender feet, encased in bronze slippers and open-work silk stockings, peeped out beneath the embroidered hem of her petticoat. She was fresh and rosy from her bath, and had all the fragrance and loveliness of a sweet-petaled flower.

She put her warm hand in the lawyer's cool, firm clasp, smiled upon him, and bade him be seated. "You are very good to come to me so promptly," she said, "and to show my appreciation of your courtesy, I will proceed to business at once, and give you your liberty as soon as possible. You have not been able to see Sir Francis, I suppose? I know that he has been arrested."

"He gave himself up voluntarily," said Fillmore. "He had ample opportunity to escape, if he had wished it. I offered to help him off; but he refused."

"You . . . ? You did see him, then?"

"He came to my office in the midst of the disturbance."

Perdita's dark, sparkling eyes fixed themselves steadfastly upon the lawyer. "In that case," she said slowly, "he probably told you . . . Will you tell me all that passed?"

Fillmore complied, and Perdita listened to his story with close attention. After it was told, she sat for a while with her forefinger against her chin, meditating.

"I don't know whether to be pleased or displeased," she remarked at length. "'Tis rather exciting, at all events. I knew about Rackett's, and all that: I knew more than he ever suspected. But I thought he was clever enough to secure himself. I'm not sure but I might have helped him, if he had applied to me."

"Even if your means would have sufficed, he was past helping."

"I should have done it for my own sake, not for his," said Perdita, with a smile of cynical candor. "I care for what happens to him only as it may affect me. You won't be obliged, sir, to remodel your estimate of my character on the idea that I am given to self-sacrifice. And I should certainly not begin with Sir Francis. On the contrary!"

"I understand. You think his disgrace may affect you?"

"I only fear that he may not be disgraced enough."

"I don't understand so well as I thought."

"You do your understanding injustice. If Sir Francis was a villain from the beginning, I am comfortable. If that old story about him and my father should turn out to my father's credit, then I should be the daughter

of an honest man, who was wickedly abused; and that will be to my advantage. If this man who was lately murdered proves to have been really my father, all the better. The opposite alternatives would be what I should not like. Now, as Sir Francis has given himself up, 'tis likely he means to make a full confession: and meanwhile I'm in suspense. What is your opinion about him?"

"I have been on friendly terms with him for a good many years."

"And you mean to stick by him, right or wrong?"

"As against people in general—yes."

"Does that mean that you are going to sacrifice your conscience only in special cases?"

"I could do anything to serve you," said Fillmore, with measured emphasis.

"And I am to consider it a compliment if you betray an old friend to please a new acquaintance? You are severe, Mr. Fillmore!"

She said this smilingly, but the lawyer could not tell whether she were offended, or were only teasing him. If he had needed any assurance that she was not a woman to be easily duped by flattery, he had it now. He had intended merely to indicate that he would not lightly be false to a trust, but she had contrived to make him imply nearly the reverse. His real sentiments in the matter were, in fact, honorable enough, though he was sensible of a fatal fascination about Perdita, stronger than the attractions of virtue. For a moment he hesitated, undecided whether to draw back now and finally, or to go on.

"Do you give me up?" asked Perdita, with a little laugh.

"Never!" said he, with a feeling that he was pledging himself rather for the possibilities of the future than for anything in the present. "Not that there is anything in this affair to impair the most sensitive principles," he added, smiling. "Professional etiquette is the most I have to consider, and that is not involved in the present question. As I was saying, I have been in the way of knowing a good deal about Bendibow, and my opinion is that the more complete his confession is, the less cause you will have for anxiety. At the same time, from something he let fall, I doubt whether his confession will be entirely without reserve."

"What will he hold back?"

"I know of nothing in particular."

"Anything about the murder of my father, for instance?"

"Do you suspect him of knowing anything about that?" demanded Fillmore, feeling astonished.

"One cannot help seeing that if the robber had been able to rifle his victim's pockets, and had taken away that packet among other things, it would have been convenient for Sir Francis."

"But if the contents of the packet were compromising to any one, the thief would have demanded a ransom—"

"Which the person compromised would have paid,—if he had not already paid it in advance," said Perdita composedly.

"I don't think Bendibow had it in him to go such lengths," said Fillmore, after a long pause. "Besides, the fact that his son was killed at the same time . . ."

"It was a dark night," remarked Perdita. "However, I don't really believe it, either. But I've made up my mind that I want that packet. Sir Francis' confession may agree with it; or—'tis just possible—he may try to tell a different story, in which event the packet might be useful."

"Very true. The packet is still in Mrs. Lancaster's possession, is it not?"

"I gave it to her, for fear of my own curiosity. But 'tis another thing now. I must know what is in it. And soon!"

"Shall I get it for you?"

"If you will be so kind . . . No, on the whole, I think you had better not. Under the circumstances, Mrs. Lancaster would probably prefer to have me apply to her directly. But when I've got it, I shall want to consult with you about it."

"You may command me at any time, madame."

Perdita rose, and the lawyer, though he would gladly have stayed longer, had no choice but to rise also.

"Sir," said the Marquise, after contemplating him a moment, "I wish you would be consistent!"

Fillmore bowed, somewhat apprehensively: for although Perdita had given him to know that she was not afraid of him, he was beginning to be a little afraid of her. Perceiving that he did not catch her drift, she explained herself.

"You are one of the most agreeable and sensible men I ever met, on all points but one," she said. "Be sensible on that too!"

"You might as well ask me not to be sensible to hunger, or to fire," he replied, drawing a deep breath and looking upon her with a sort of sullen ardor.

"I have kept a part of my promise to you," continued the Marquise; "I have showed you something of what I really am. There is nothing to love here,"—she laid her finger on her breast—"for beauty alone is not lovable, to a man like you. And you have intellect enough: you need something besides intellect in a wife: and that something is just what I can never give."

"You have it to give," interrupted Fillmore, "whether you give it to me or not."

"And what most annoys me," she went on, "is that unless you come to your senses soon, I shall cease to like you, and therefore to be able to make use of you. So, if you really care for me, you must not love me any more."

"It is no use," said Fillmore, with a slow movement of his head: and, without awaiting any further argument, he took his leave.

"And now for you, master Philip!" said the Marquise to herself, when she was alone. What she intended by such an exclamation there was nothing to indicate: but she called her maid, and having disengaged herself of her dressing-gown, she proceeded rapidly to complete her toilet, and gave orders for her carriage to be at the door at half-past ten. A few minutes later she was being driven in the direction of the Lancasters' house.

At this juncture, however, fortune again interposed to hasten matters, by bringing Philip to the corner of Hanover Square just as the Marquise's carriage was entering it. He recognized the livery, and paused, raising his hat; but she had already caught sight of him, and the carriage drew up to the sidewalk. Philip appeared at the door, wearing a rather grave face. Perdita greeted him with radiant composure. His dejection recovered a little under this tonic; and when she followed it up by inviting him to take a seat beside her, he felt better, and complied. By a flash of memory, Perdita recollected a former occasion, on which she had entreated him to do the same thing, and he had refused; although then he had been a single man, whereas now he was married: this recollection made the Marquise smile secretly. Meanwhile Philip took his seat in total unsuspiciousness of what was passing in her mind.

"Tell me where you want to go," she said, "and I'll drive you there."

"I was going to call on you."

"How charmingly attentive of you! In that case . . . suppose we carry out my original intention of—driving round the Park."

"It would give me great pleasure," he answered: whereupon she gave the direction to the coachman. "Have you a new poem to read to me?" she asked.

"I haven't written a line for six weeks. I was coming about this Bendibow affair. Of course you've heard of it?"

"That his house was ransacked, and he arrested—yes."

"Well: my wife . . . we thought you might want those papers that you left with my wife. There's no knowing what may happen, you know."

"You haven't got them with you?"

"Here they are," he answered, producing the packet.

"They may be needed; there's no telling, as you say. It was very kind of your wife—of you, that is, to think of it. You are all well and happy—that goes without saying?"

"Oh, yes: Marion is not very well this morning, though."

"Indeed! What ails her?"

"A headache, I believe. I don't know. I was away for a day or two and she has not been quite herself since I came back."

"Surely that's only what might be expected, after being deprived of you so long!"

"Perhaps so," said Philip, laconically.

"We poor women, you know, are not permitted to amuse ourselves when our lords are away. We can only stay at home until they come back."

"That's the principle: but not always the practice," said Philip, with a grim look.

"You have not found it out?" exclaimed the Marquise in a startled tone; and then, as if perceiving

that she had committed herself, she hurriedly added, "Of course, principle and practice must always differ more or less. Human beings aren't made by rule of thumb."

Philip at first made no reply, but a painful expression passed over his face, leaving it gloomier than before. At length he said, "I'm not a man who lets himself be blindfolded to save trouble. You and I have known each other some time, Perdita. Will you answer me truly—will you tell me what you know? for I see you do know something."

"I'm not likely to forget the past," answered the beautiful Marquise: "I shall remember it at least as long as this scar lasts,"—and as she spoke she placed her hand on the upper part of her bosom. "But it is never true friendship to interfere between husband and wife. If you see anything that troubles you, give it the best interpretation possible, and forget it. Very likely—most likely—there is no harm in it. One must not expect, or wish, to know all the secrets even of the person they have married. Does Marion know all yours?"

"I thank you for your advice," said Philip, in a tone that intimated he did not mean to follow it. "It seems you are aware that my wife spent a night away from home. Probably you also know where, and with whom. I shall know that in time; but I would rather learn it from you than from any one else."

"I could tell you nothing that would really enlighten you, Philip. Your best security for your wife's conduct is the good you know of her. Be satisfied with that. It was enough to make you marry her. It should be enough to make you happy in your marriage."

"Yes, I know all that!" said Philip, impatiently. After a short silence, he added, turning toward her, "You are a true friend, Perdita. May I come and talk to you, some time? The world is a lonely place!"

"If I can make it less lonely for you—come!" she answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO MY HORSE.

WELL named, for the prince of the Trojans,
My HECTOR of horses, thou art!
Grave doctors and deep theologians
May rank thee a brute, and apart
From man's passions and sympathies ever—
But men, to my thinking, are few
Who, like thee, are faithful forever;
As ardent and gallant and true!

I'm on thee, and, Presto! forgetful
Of past and of future I roam—
Old memories, vain and regretful.
Sad bodings of what is to come.
Thy nostrils with pride are dilating,
Thy sinews are stiffened to steel,
And cares that are here or in waiting
Are spurned from thy clattering heel!

By Hudson, the wild-palisaded;
By Charles' imperturbable tide;
By many a path forest-shaded;
By many a steep mountain-side;
As graceful and grand as Apollo
Descending Olympus in might;
By river and hillock and hollow,
Thou leapest impulsive and light.

Ah, many a heart have I tested
To find it but hollow at last;
And many a time have I rested
On hope that too soon was o'ercast:
And when the White Horseman shall call me,
No bitter pang shall I find—
Whatever of fortune befall me—
Than to leave thee, my true one, behind!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Rex," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR THE AMENDMENT OF DIVINE ERROR.

THERE was another institution of that time which, indeed, has striven hard to survive the chaos that has since intervened, and is, perhaps, more instructive as a historical study than any other of the institutions that owed their origin to slavery. It did nothing to shape thought, and, so far as the character and destiny of the country was concerned, it was utterly futile and insignificant. It neither led nor followed public sentiment. It was neither for nor against slavery. Fixing at the outset upon a middle course, it led a life of queer indecision, first apologizing to one school of fanatics and then to the other, and always protesting to both that, while not for their respective conflicting dogmas, it also was not opposed to them. In its case, the Scripture rule was plainly reversed—the negation of favor did not establish a presumption of hostility. The difficulty of this position may be better understood when we consider the fact that the subject-matter of which the institution treated was so closely connected with the two extremes of thought as to be inseparable from either. As they were concerned with the African in bondage, so this institution was anxious and careful about him in his freedom. It was called The American Colonization Society. As slavery brought the African to this continent for the purpose of enslavement, this society took him back to Africa for the purpose of liberation. For the millions in bondage it had no regard; for the few thousands who were free it had a watchful interest. It had two basis principles; first, non-interference with slavery, and, second, the removal of the freed black from the land. These two ideas attracted to its support the most diverse and incongruous elements. It afforded a neutral ground on which the leaders of two mutually destructive principles met upon a platform strangely insincere in fact and yet perfectly consistent in theory and letter.

This society held that the African in a state of freedom on the Western Continent was a most potent influence for evil. As to the African in a state of bondage it was entirely non-committal. Its prime object was to remove that demoralizing and disturbing element, the free negro. Its ulterior purpose was to build up a black republic on the shores of Africa. It placidly assumed that the Divine will was directly and palpably thwarted when the African was brought to America. It was clearly the purpose of the Creator that Africa should belong to the Negro—so the society

believed—and America to the White man. This natural distribution having been interfered with by the slave-trade the first great duty of the Caucasian to himself was, by the creed of the society, to put an end to that trade, and then, as rapidly as possible, to restore the freed blacks to the continent "prepared for them from the foundation of the world."

These peculiar doctrines, in connection with its equivocal position in regard to slavery, had the effect of uniting under its banners many curious extremes of thought. In the North, very many were captivated with its ideas under the belief that they offered a peaceful solution of the problem of slavery. It was fondly hoped that, as the years went by, the society would grow strong, the foundations of the new African Republic be securely laid, the slave-trade rigorously suppressed, and the capability of the African for self-government clearly demonstrated; that the conscience of slaveholders would become enlightened and that they would crowd the docks from which the Liberian packets were to sail, in earnest rivalry with each other to obtain passage for their late chattels, now gladly freed and restored to Africa, Christianized and civilized, to aid in uplifting the "dark continent." It was a beautiful theory, and the tender-hearted humanitarians who already, in 1817, had come seriously to moot the question of the nation's right to uphold and protect slavery, seized upon this beatific vision with the utmost alacrity. To them it was the natural antidote and appointed remedy for slavery. There was another class, too, strong, clear-headed, practical men, who realized the ills and iniquities of slavery, but who saw the guaranty in the Constitution, respected the claims of that instrument, and could see no means by which slavery could be assailed or overthrown and its provisions still be honestly regarded. To them there seemed a remote possibility that the African republic might develop in the course of generations into something that might exercise a repressive and modifying influence upon American Slavery. At least, they could see nothing else that could be lawfully and properly done that gave any promise of the amelioration of the slave's condition, and so gave their sympathy and support to one of the most singular and absurd theories that ever affected an intelligent people.

The sentiment that whatever could be done for the colored man ought to be done, as a sort of indirect atonement for the crime of his enslavement was the main-spring of all the support this society received at the

North. Of the colored man as a "free negro" in the sense in which that word was used at the South, the Northern man knew little and cared less. In no Northern State was this population in the least troublesome or in any degree dangerous or offensive. It was only in the hope that it might exert a reflex influence upon slavery in the Southern States that the Northern man gave either money or prayers to Liberia and the eminently respectable but yet Janus-faced Society by which it was founded. It was difficult for a Northern mind to understand the real relations of this movement to slavery. The South and her institutions have always been *terra incognita* to the average Northern mind. Already, while these lines are being written, slavery has become a myth which the younger citizen of the North finds it hard to realize.

"Is it a fact," said an intelligent young lawyer to the writer within a week, "is it a fact that men and women were actually bought and sold in those days?"

"Certainly."

"Were they attached and levied on, mortgaged, sold for taxes, stolen, sold at auction, and all that sort of thing, just like cattle?"

"Of course; why not?"

"I don't know, only I cannot realize that such things ever were."

A like incapacity to "realize" what actually was the state of slavery which they so very generally deplored, affected the people of the North in that time. They did not dream that the Colonization Society could by any possibility be of the least advantage to Slavery or the slave-owner. To them it was a matter of great surprise that the master should favor its purposes at all, and this fact was for a time regarded as an indication of a general desire on the part of a considerable portion of the Southern planter-class to co-operate in any feasible and peaceful method of abolishing slavery gradually and quietly. There were some throughout the South who no doubt entertained these views. The names of very many of that remarkable class who may properly be termed "Southern Abolitionists," are to be found upon the rolls of this society. They were men who, like Hargrove, were opposed to slavery for the sake of the master race. They sometimes admitted its injustice to the negro as well, but their view of the African was, as a rule, hardly more favorable than that of the advocates of slavery themselves. They were willing to labor for emancipation, if the manumitted slaves could at once be removed from the country; and their idea of universal emancipation was of a time when not only no slave but also no negro should be found upon the continent. They were earnest, sincere, just-minded men; but if the alternative had been presented to them of freedom with the negro to remain in the land where he was born a slave, or the continuance of slavery, it is probable that by far the greater part of them would have preferred its perpetuation. These men heartily and loyally espoused the cause of the Colonization Society as an entering wedge for peaceful abolition. They even urged national appropriations in its behalf, and uttered glowing prognostications of the time when freedom should come to the slave with a steerage ticket to Liberia and compensation to the owner—all the act of the national government.

A quarter of a century before the time of which we write, grave, thoughtful men, even aspirants for the Presidential chair, seriously argued in the Senate of the United States the question of the purchase and transportation to the shores of Liberia of two millions of subject souls. The reasons given for the move-

ment were its humanity, justice and the ultimate well-being of the white race. Even in that day one clear-sighted man urged that course as cheaper than a civil war, which he declared must result from the continuance of the institution. He was laughed at almost as much as that Polish patriot—the friend of Jefferson—who, dying, left his modest fortune to accumulate, and its proceeds from time to time to be used in the purchase and liberation of slaves. Fortunately, the law held such a gift invalid, and the wisdom of a later day laughed down the foreboding fool who dared to speak of war in connection with the patriarchal institution.

With these various classes in its ranks the society from the outset boasted a most amazing array of great names: presidents, chief justices, senators, congressmen, governors, scientists, literati, bishops, ministers, men of wealth and men of note, abolitionists, slaveholders, political economists, philanthropists—in short, almost all who had a handle at either end of their names, or a call to make the world better in any particular respect, were added to its numbers and gave to its proceedings a sense of dignity and propriety which was painful to contemplate in connection with the meagre results obtained. Its annual meetings were held at the national capital, and were occasions of unlimited pompous declamation and indirect electioneering. Year after year the great Whig leaders, Clay and Webster, vied with each other in alternate laudation of the purposes and designs of the institution. Within sight of the slave-pens of Alexandria they declared again and again that its purpose was not directly or indirectly to interfere with slavery, but only to offer a means for the re-establishment upon the soil of the continent the Divine will had appointed for them to occupy, of all Africans who might chance to become free within the limits of the United States.

By-and-by another class of men began to accept this doctrine. They were those who did not desire either the immediate or gradual extinction of slavery, but desired rather its continuance and prosperity. They saw that the removal of the free black made the slave more secure, more contented, more industrious, more peaceful and more hopeless. To this class the Colonization Society was an especial boon, and many of them espoused its doctrines with alacrity. Gradually the extreme Abolitionists of the North began to comprehend this fact, and thenceforward they denounced the society as a movement in the interests of Slavery. Another class of Southern men, however, reasoned that whatever recognized in any degree the self-directing capacity of the negro was in fact an enemy of slavery in disguise, and they were equally fierce in their denunciation of the society as a device of the Abolitionists, and designed to be simply a forerunner of compulsory emancipation. So it was both upheld and denounced because it opposed slavery and because it favored it, neither of which things it did or proposed to do. In trying to please every one it succeeded in displeasing all, and by declaring its absolute neutrality it bore the burden of the sins and errors of both extremes of thought. It held to the last its array of great names, but the tumult of the gathering conflict drowned its appeals, and long before the struggle reached its climax the people had almost forgotten this institution for which at one time the churches had so devoutly prayed—it being one of the few things of that day which the pro-slavery and anti-slavery Christians could unite in heartily commending to the Divine favor. As a historical fact, it is chiefly valuable as marking the almost universal admission, directly or indirectly, that

slavery was unnatural, hurtful and unjust. It was a weak, blind effort to save the Constitution and yet find a way for securing the downfall of slavery. It was an attempt to do indirectly what the fundamental law forbade to be done directly.

It was to this institution that Hargrove had appealed to aid him in carrying George Eighmie's will into effect. Its refusal was strictly in the line of its policy. This eminently respectable body was, in the strictest sense, all things to all men. To the Abolitionist of the North it held out the alluring hope that through its peaceful and benign influence slavery would yet melt and disappear. To the Slaveholder it painted the delights of a paradise where all the freemen were white and all the blacks were slaves, into which should come no free negro serpent to tempt, corrupt and annoy. It represented in his eyes, in a peculiar degree, "the peace of God and the state," since the slaveholder was thoroughly convinced that the supremest beatitude of society was one in which there were only masters and slaves. He would willingly have dispensed with the non-slaveholding whites also in order to secure this blissful condition. If by any means the great men that avouched the society's respectability could have devised some method by which the poor whites could also have been transported, whether to Africa or elsewhere, the slave-owners would have hailed it with unmixed rapture, and as slavery ruled the land there would have been no question as to appropriations and governmental favor. It was a favorite doctrine among the most pronounced of the slave-propagandists of that day, that the free blacks and "poor whites" were the great enemies of the "institution." They little thought that the day would come when the landless whites would pour out their blood like water in its defense.

It would not do for such a society as this to risk its character for non-interference with the "institution" by furnishing transportation to slaves freed by a master about whose title there could be the slightest doubt. Already the Abolitionists of the North had sounded the alarm that it was the friend and ally of slavery; and its supporters in those states had either grown lukewarm or had fallen away entirely. It still had its list of great names and eminent respectabilities there. Men who feared every new movement, who thought the safe ground was always midway between the two extremes of thought, still clung to it. They gave to its revenues but sparingly, as is the nature of such minds, which are usually as frugal of pelf as of faith. The churches at the North, that once gave with enthusiasm, now received its periodical appeals with coldness. Jared Clarkson, who had mistakenly endowed it with a free hand aforesaid, now denounced it bitterly. All who agreed with him not only regarded it as "the handmaid of slavery," but also despised its hypocritical evasion and double-faced appeals to conflicting sentiments. The society had come, at the time of which we write, to look to the South for its chief support. The conscience of the dying slaveholder every now and then bequeathed to it not only the slaves he could no longer hold, but also the means for their removal. At one of its anniversaries, about this time, the great Kentucky orator, appealing against a prejudice which had begun to obtain in some of the Southern States against this too frequent freeing of the slave by bequest, and the stringent laws that had been enacted to prevent it, as well as hostile resolutions of some of the legislatures in states where the Southern Abolitionists were proportionately numerous and active, had said:

"Why should Southern men fear the action of this

society? A vast majority of its members and supporters are not only Southern men, but slaveholders also."

So it would not do for the society to give offense to the majority of its supporters. It not only declined to aid Hargrove, but through the information that its agents gave with regard to his designs, awakened the alarm of the adverse claimants of the estate of George Eighmie and inspired them to renewed activity. His next letter from Matthew Bartlemy contained this information:

"The enemy have finally moved in earnest. Yesterday they procured an injunction restraining you from removing any of the slaves. I suppose, if you do not appear and answer, their next motion will be for the appointment of a receiver. While they cannot obtain personal service of the writ of injunction, you must remember that it is one of those writs which are self-executing, and a knowledge sufficient to sustain a reasonable belief of its issue is sufficient to render you liable for its disobedience. I have no doubt that the plaintiffs will adopt measures to have you fully informed of it, and take it for granted that you will now make no attempt to remove the negroes. We may as well fight it out here, and I should advise that a suit be begun against you immediately by the woman Lida, for herself and her children, in order that the question may be taken to the court of highest resort."

Upon receipt of this letter, Captain Hargrove wrote to Jared Clarkson as follows:

The time has come when I must select some one to be the recipient of the trust conferred upon me by the will of my half-brother, George Eighmie. You know in general terms its character. Both as a man of business and as a philanthropist, you are peculiarly fitted to carry it into effect in case of my death or inability from any cause to do so. This is especially urgent, from the fact that the woman Alida, whom you were kind enough to shelter and care for in your home at the outbreak of her unfortunate malady, is beyond doubt hopelessly insane. It is true there are half-lucid intervals, but the better part of the time she is sunk in a despondency from which she cannot be aroused. Her delusion seems to have taken the form of fancying that a child, who was cruelly stolen from her in her early years, has been restored, and to her crazed and bewildered brain, the rag-baby to which she so closely clings is that child. The boy is no doubt dead or hopelessly lost in the labyrinth in which slavery hides its victims. He may be in the swamps of Louisiana or the cotton-fields of South Carolina; but, wherever he is, the oblivion that hangs over the nameless existence of the slave as effectually hides him as if the grave covered him. For the sake of her daughter, however, as well as for my own protection, perhaps, it is necessary that a suit be brought against me in her name and as a resident of this state. This can only be done by an inquisition of lunacy, and the appointment of a guardian for her as a lunatic. This suit, while apparently hostile, will in reality be in my interest. It is possible that the will of my brother may be declared invalid, and in that case I become responsible of course to the heir for the rents and profits of the estate, for the slaves that I have set free, and others that I hope to set free hereafter. The estate has been a good while in my hands, and I have hesitated to fulfill my brother's injunction, and free all the slaves, for a good many reasons, prominent among which is the fact that I could not fully determine what to do with them afterwards. The funds accruing from the property I have used for the following purposes:—First, a moderate sum yearly has been devoted to the care of Alida and her daughter; second, a larger sum has been expended in searching for the boy Hugh. As I had nothing to guide me except a peculiar birthmark, it has been entirely unsuccessful. I have also freed a por-

tion of the slaves, and have accumulated a fund to be used in freeing the others, my design being to secure from the estate a fair support for Alida and her child or children as if they had been the lawful widow and children of my testator, and then to use the balance to effect the manumission of his slaves. I am satisfied that this was the purpose for which he made me his sole devisee.

Now, if the will be held invalid in the suit already begun by the collateral heirs, I must not only make good all these amounts, but Alida and her children become assets of the estate, unless her marriage can be successfully set up. It was undoubtedly legal in New York, and very probably illegal in Carolina. If, however, her claim were set up in the United States Court, it is the opinion of my counsel that she would prevail, and herself and children be declared heirs of the estate. This would, of course, relieve me and save them. I will provide for all the expense of such a suit, and, indeed, will perform the will of my brother if it require the bulk of my own estate to do it.

In the event of my death, also, it might be very important that some one should hold the key to the identity of Alida's daughter. According to her father's expressed desire, I have so well disguised her existence that even her mother is in doubt with regard to it. On the other hand, it may be necessary to conceal and protect her. She may be either a slave or an heiress, and in either case there might arise occasions when it would be necessary to establish her identity. This is all the more necessary, as I shall take with me upon a voyage I am contemplating my old servant Jason, who is the only one who knows all the facts attending the transformation of the child from what she was to what she is.

I do not think it will ever become necessary to use this knowledge, and I am most desirous to avoid the revelation for the sake of the girl herself. He may have been wrong, but Mr. Eighmie was especially anxious that his children should never know that there was any suspicion of taint upon their lawful birth or Caucasian descent. Of course, its unnecessary revelation could only excite the keenest anguish. I feel that I can safely intrust both the business and the secret to your honor and discretion. I would prefer that you should remain yourself uninformed except in certain emergencies. I, therefore, desire, with your permission, to intrust to your care a sealed statement of all the material facts, which shall only be opened by you under circumstances which, in your judgment, shall dictate such a course, this package, with your own suggestions in regard to it as well as mine, to be transmitted to any one you may select to act with like discretion in case of your death.

Please let me know whether you will accept this trust, and thereby confer a favor of the utmost importance, not only upon the unfortunate sufferers from the evils of slavery, but also upon

Your humble servant,
MERWYN HARGROVE.

To this epistle, when the servant who bore it returned upon the morrow, Jared Clarkson returned the following answer:

MY DEAR FRIEND: My own affairs press upon me so heavily, both as to time and strength, that I seem forbidden

by common prudence to add to it the burden of other people's business or care. The matter which you present is of so peculiar a nature, however, and I am already so deeply interested in those whom it most nearly concerns, that I have decided to make an exception to my rule and do whatsoever you require. Humanity, justice and liberty commend the course you have taken. I do not think the requirement of secrecy as to the descent a wise one, though all must admit that the fact of being an African, even by the slightest admixture, has become through the wickedness of our nature and life, a most terrible evil. This is not only foolish but wicked. It is a fight against God. Yet it is none the less a fearful curse to those who bear the knowledge in their hearts that in their veins is but one drop of richer blood than the Caucasian. I, myself, have seen a man in whom it was hardly possible to trace a sign of admixture, curse God with a bitterness that knew no remedy, for the evil that rested on his life. I have seen a woman, as fair as any in the land, and as well endowed, intellectually, whose descent was clouded by a taint that might show upon her children's brows—I have heard her declare that she would willingly be flayed alive if thereby she could feel herself exalted to the level of the white race. I can conceive of nothing more horrible than the sensations of one thus situated who has grown up with all the exclusive assumption of the white race, and you may be sure that I would be as loath to scathe any soul with the curse of a body akin to the despised and persecuted African as you can be. I have always made it a rule to do whatever lay in my power to remove the evil of slavery. I have bought the slave from his master and set him free; I have aided the fugitive to escape; I have defended him from the claim of an unrighteous law; I have endeavored to alleviate the poverty it entailed upon its victims when set free by liberal gifts, and now feel that your request that I should aid in alleviating the worst of all the ills that flow from this most fearful of all iniquities is one that I can by no means refuse.

Please inform me of all that it is necessary for me to know and I will discharge the trust you impose, if not so self-forgetfully as you have done, yet, at least, with an equal desire to do what is right and just and merciful to all concerned. Yours, very truly,

JARED CLARKSON.

The answer to Mr. Bartlemy's letter directed him to enter an appearance and prepare an answer for Merwyn Hargrove in the suit in equity brought against him by the collateral heirs of George Eighmie, and enclosed a power of attorney from "Jared Clarkson, the guardian of Alida Eighmie, a lunatic, and her two children, Heloise and Hugh Eighmie, infants of the ages of sixteen and eighteen years respectively," authorizing and directing him to bring suit against Merwyn Hargrove for the recovery of the estate of George Eighmie, deceased, the husband of the said lunatic and father of the said infants. Then the retinue at Sturmhold was reduced, the shutters were closed and the master departed; only the weak, chattering woman and her watchful care-takers remained in the deserted home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE HOUSEHOLD—CHOOSING A HOME.

HAVING taken a house for granted, the question of whether in town or country is next in order, and the relative advantages of each could fill columns. As a fact, however, the majority will always live in the country, often near the great centres, but quite as often removed from them. But there are certain essentials of every-day life applying with equal force to either, and the principles of which once fixed in the mind will give the best methods of life possible in either. In this enormous stretch of country, with ever-widening business interests, the house-keeper may find herself suddenly in California or Oregon or Mexico, totally cut off, it may be, for a time from civilization, as she understands it, and thrown entirely on her own resources.

As a whole, our lives, however, are likely to be in communities, and our own knowledge or lack of it will be an influence, silent but potent, in moulding the life of that community. Every well-ordered, perfectly-appointed household is an argument of incalculable force in the misunderstandings, the bickerings and stupidities that make up much of the life of all communities, and for which there is no remedy save in personal determination to do and think and be the best attainable thing, whether one's neighbor share the desire or not.

In the beginning stand four essentials, the four considerations necessary in choosing any home anywhere—a wholesome situation, good ventilation, good drainage and a dry cellar, each one waiting its turn for discussion. And first, as to wholesome situation: Palace or hut, brown-stone front or simplest cottage, city or country, the law is the same. In cities we are more at the mercy of builders, but it is always possible to consult a topographical map, find out whether the block we plan to live in is built over marsh or water-course or made land; whether it is on high ground or what was once high ground, and whether it is near localities which, by unwholesome manufactories, as bone-boiling establishments, chemical works and so forth, may involve loss of health, and very certainly loss of daily comfort. If every one took these precautions, as some day we shall, I hope, be sufficiently grounded in common sense to do, there would be less work for doctors and more for contractors and builders. The public sense should force builders to see to it that every cause, or possibility of cause, for disease or unhealthfulness was removed from land or house occupied by tenant or owner. But the public sense is more often senselessness, and we take for granted, or gloss over, what in a later day wiser generations will not endure for a moment. If numbers would co-operate in this, and there could be intelligent refusal to occupy houses or locations unfit for healthful occupation, contractors and landowners and builders together would soon adopt different methods.

In the country one has more liberty of selection, though often life must be, in town or village, located by chance or the presence of some special business interest. Villages in any case are likely to be built upon low land, as this implies the easier securing of a water supply; but, if possible, let your own home be either on a hill or at least sufficient rise of ground to allow all drainage to flow readily away. On a level or in a hollow one receives the drainage from every higher point about, and thus a private storehouse of malaria and disease is formed. It is the dwellers on low lands who suffer most in this way, and who form part of the enormous mass of patent medicine swallowers—an army such as no other civilized country owns, and which in itself is one reason for the charge often brought against us of being a people without health.

Where one feels that the requisite knowledge for judging personally is wanting, it is always possible to consult some one who has it, and who can give at least a hint of the advantages or disadvantages of the location chosen. When it is a broader question than that of the house alone, and one must also think of climate and its effects as a whole, there is no better guide than the valuable Topographical Atlas of the United States, originated in the Census Office and edited by General Francis A. Walker, one of the wisest, clearest-headed public officials the country has ever had. Here may be seen the areas of different forms of disease—the malarial region of different States, the points where consumption is most to be dreaded, or where acute fevers, etc., will be most prevalent; where, in short, all the ills that American flesh is heir to are assigned their proper boundaries.

As the country opens up, these conditions are of course constantly changing and modifying. New land lately turned up by the plow, as on Western prairies, or by building operations on a large scale anywhere, seems an especial harmful agent, fevers of every sort arising from living on or near it, and continuing until sun and air have done their work of disinfection. If it is objected that some one must do pioneer's work, and that the individual must give way to the general good, it can only be answered that the majority are not yet enlightened to that point that compels attention to the rules laid down here, and that there will always be an advance guard who will be the victims of all the evils awaiting pioneers. Selfishness and self-absorption have been charged upon those who seek to live the best life, but the fact remains that till the individual has learned what that life is, general progress is likely to be as limited as his own, individual development being necessarily the only method for universal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As "The Household" seems to discuss willingly many points not absolutely within its province, unless, indeed, said "Household" stands for a fraction of the whole world, with all the interests that converge and are part of the daily life outside the kitchen, perhaps it will tell us something about the manufacture of glucose. —J. McE., Harper's Ferry, Va.

Most certainly the "Household" does include other interests than those of the kitchen, else its place in OUR CONTINENT might better be otherwise filled at once. Not a point bearing upon the life of men and women should escape attention, this including mental as well as the physical life, the direct bearing of all questions of the day upon the individual, and every duty or privilege known to this nineteenth-century life. Glucose hardly comes under the last head, but its constant use may affect one's ability to make the most of life, for it is an imperfect sweet, much more difficult of assimilation than pure cane-sugar, and apt to occasion acidity during the process of digestion. It is used chiefly to adulterate cane-syrup, but is often sold as genuine syrup, many factories having been started within a comparatively short time, and the demand constantly increasing. The corn is sifted, soaked in clean water twenty-four hours, and ground wet, so that it comes out like thick soup. This is spread on fine wire sifts, which are inclined ten degrees, and the starch runs through, while the coarser parts slide down to a trough, and are sold for cattle feed. The starch is boiled in sulphuric acid and water until the iodine test shows it to be all converted into glucose. Lime is introduced, which unites with the acid, and is precipitated as sulphate of lime. The fluid glucose is drawn off and evaporated in vacuo until it has the standard density. Then it is barreled and sold to the dealers and adulterators. There is fifteen per cent. of dextrine in the syrup, which might have been converted into sugar by six hours longer boiling in sulphuric acid, but as the "trade" is satisfied with the sweetness, they let it go unconverted.



DISESTABLISHMENT, with the Scottish kirk as its objective, is to be among the winter excitements of the land of Bruce. The first item of the anti-ecclesiastical programme was recently enacted at Ayr, and although the subject has no direct interest for Americans in general, its bearing is important as touching the affairs of the Episcopal Church. Presbyterian disestablishment in Scotland would be a very large and firm stepping-stone toward disestablishment in England, and this would be regarded by many American churchmen as a matter of the gravest importance. The Scottish Non-Conformists, however, find themselves at the outset in a very serious quandary: they have nothing very bad to complain about. The parish minister cannot hold up his head, socially, higher than does his non-conformist brother. As regards liberal theology the establishment is head and shoulders above its local neighbors, and harbors many a soul which would be uneasy among Free Churchmen or United Presbyterians. The experience of this country, too, renders an amalgamation of the different sects a very doubtful possibility, for in Scotland the sectional divisions go far deeper than they do here, and reconciliation by act of Parliament would hardly act as oil does on troubled waters. The Non-Conformists fail thus far to make out so strong a case against the "Kirk" as their Southern brethren hold against the "Church."

THE telegraph, though it is the soul of brevity, and as swift in the dissemination of news as anything can be until some process is discovered of turning back the hands of time, is nevertheless a sadly potent agent for spoiling the effect. This is never so evident as when the wires are loaded down with a succession of despatches in the nature of correspondence. Happy are those readers of newspapers whose individual interests are in Corea, Patagonia or Kerguelen Land, or in any of the very few localities which are not as yet connected by wire with the great centres of civilization. For them the letters of correspondents have all the freshness of news. The pith has not been taken out of them by telegrams. The recent war in Egypt is on its way now to join the forgotten events of the past, but, as it is the latest instance in point, it may be referred to here. Every one remembers, for instance, how enthusiastic telegraphers told all sorts of lies about the United States Navy at the outbreak of hostilities. It took near a month for the correct version to reach England and America, and by that time most people had filed away in their memories the substance of the first despatches, much to the discredit of all concerned. It is impossible, of course, to suspend the use of the telegraph in case of wars or other great events of public interest, but the editors of daily newspapers would serve their readers better if they could agree to limit the use of telegraphic matter. In the scramble of twenty correspondents for the use of the cable, there results a confusion of messages, untrustworthy in detail, unsatisfactory in mass. Yet there is in them a foundation of fact sufficient to take the heart out of the regular letters, however well done, which follow by the next mails. The time seems to have passed when letters by mail can contain news fresh in spite of the telegraph and readable as were those of other days.

THE rage for "Independent" movements at the South, which has been fostered by the foolish and extravagant notions of a certain class of Northern Republicans, ought to be fully satisfied with the numerous mongrel combinations which have been attempted during the past few months in obedience to their demand. Ever since the close of the war of rebellion there has been a class of men high in the counsels of the dominant party, who have persisted in the belief that the remedy for political evil at the South was simply some cheap form of political trickery. Instead of studying the causes and seeking a cure, they have thought only of devising some new method of overreaching and weakening the Southern Democracy. With these it has always been a favorite notion that a division of parties at the South would be the beginning of the millennium. The success of such a movement in Virginia, where it grew naturally out of the conditions of political affairs, and was managed with most consummate skill by a leader of peculiar temper and fitness, as well as native capacity, renewed this ancient clamor, and an imperative demand went forth for an "independent" movement in every state of the South. It seems to have been taken for granted that all that needed to be done was to get up an "independent" convention, nominate "independent" candidates and gobble up "independent" success by the wholesale.

One great factor was left out of the estimate, namely, the "independent" voters. It was quite forgotten that the voter precedes the party. They were either not thought of, or not regarded as of any consequence. Success in Virginia was held to positively indicate success in North Carolina, where an entirely different state of affairs prevailed. Here, however, the combination method was attempted—an "independent" movement was inaugurated. The Republican party, under the dictation and control of a squad of revenue officials, undertook the work of supplying the voters, and, after hard scratching, a few supernumerary Democrats were found, who, discouraged at the slim prospect of success in their own party, volunteered to accept offices enough to fill out the coalition ticket. With one exception, it brought no new blood or brain into the struggle. No Democratic leader of any prominence or of pronounced success gave it his support. No new principle was evoked, nor any great popular sentiment aroused.

On the other hand, the supremacy of the "Revenue Ring," already the chief impediment to the success of the Republican party in that state, is confirmed. The good men and true, who have given in their adhesion to the movement, are weighted down by an abandonment of principle, and an appeal for aid to the least desirable and most discreditable elements of the Democracy. The true method for dividing the Southern Democracy is not to try to cheat it with a mere name, nor to make the Republican party a hospital for the sick and disappointed among the Bourbon office-seekers; neither does it consist in an abandonment of principle or a wild appeal for help to win the spoils of office. It can only be done by freeing the party from the controlling influence of officials who have used it for their own aggrandizement so long that they have come

to regard it as personally their own, and existing for their exclusive benefit. No greater blessing could accrue to the Republican party of the South than the repeal of the Internal Revenue law, since it would cut off from it a set of mercenary leeches whose support is only secured by the spoils, and who, in too many instances, have become the dominant power in its counsels. No possible combination of such men or their nominees can ever present a sound nucleus for an independent movement. Instead of bringing strength, it only weakens the really meritorious candidates who may be put into the field by the coalition.

Unless the signs of the present fail, the South of to-morrow will be more solidly Democratic than the South of to-day. By adopting this shallow device the Republican party of the South made progress backward. Such tricks are always an injury to a good cause, but because they suit the calibre of minds too small to hold a principle, they are favorite methods with those who deem statesmanship merely the acquisition of power.

They no doubt have their uses, however, and among the lessons of their failure will be some which the President and Congress and the people may wisely consider. Prominent among these will be the lesson that independent voters are necessary to an independent party; that intelligence is the first essential ingredient of independence, and that neither is likely to be promoted by a ring which has for years corrupted the primaries and packed the conventions of a party. Upon this principle, and armed with this sentiment, the Republican party of the South, when relieved from the incubus that now bestrides it, is as sure to win or compel its opponents to adopt its principles as the morrow's sun to shine. This cannot be expected, however, while the representatives of this party in Congress can find no time to do anything whatever toward curing the greatest of all these evils—the chief cause of all the others—the overwhelming ignorance of all those populations which were once cursed by slavery.

Again, it may teach our politicians what they seem to have forgotten of late, that either a great principle or a popular sentiment must underlie every political success. Such a principle the Republican party of the South was based upon, namely, the right of every citizen to an equal share with every other in the government. It is a right which has been abridged and denied in every one of those States. Such a sentiment is also at hand—the conviction which is spreading farther and taking root more deeply every day, that general intelligence is the only safeguard of free government.

The Republican party cannot plead ignorance of these things. Its own latest platform convicts it of full knowledge. The bills that were introduced and allowed to die for want of earnestness and sincerity on the part of the majority are a confession of judgment against them. Neither can the blame be laid on the Democracy. They are entirely consistent with their theory of the right of the white race to rule. The fact that they have been compelled in every state of the South to make concessions to this sentiment in favor of general intelligence, even on the part of the colored race, only shows how potent is the weapon which the Republicans have merely painted and hung up in their arsenal as a curiosity. The "Solid South" will not be broken to any extent by voting millions of dollars for rivers and harbors and official palaces, and not one cent to relieve the darkness that slavery brought.

A VERY able article in the *North American Review* for October, by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, deals with peculiar force and clearness with the political and economical problems that confront Great Britain. The intelligent American observer who is not a victim of theory, nor entirely blinded by the doctrine of "averages," has generally long since arrived at the conclusion that sooner or later a social and economical revolution of the most sweeping kind

must occur in England. The truth is undeniable that what she has prided herself upon as prosperity has only been a slow but sure decay. She has increased in wealth, it is true, but far more rapidly in poverty. Her farms have decreased in number and the self-working farmer has almost disappeared. The middle-man, who stands between the wage-laborer and the landowner, has taken his place—a man who rents his land and speculates in the labor of others. One-seventh of the entire population of Great Britain and Ireland is of the pauper class, subsisting wholly or in part on charity. The land is held by 30,000 against 30,000,000. The doctrine of averages which is at the root of our modern statistical mania (and which is likely to be carried to its furthest limit in that forthcoming absurdity, the census report of 1890), is no doubt at the bottom of the self-deception which has affected the ruling classes of England. Because the nation was yearly growing in aggregated wealth they have said that she must perforce be prospering. Because the *average* income was greater they have jumped to the conclusion that the number of comfortable incomes has also increased. The very reverse is not only possible, but it is the actual process now going on throughout England and America. For instance, A, B, and C are to-day worth ten thousand dollars each. To-morrow A and B are paupers but C is worth one hundred thousand dollars. The average of wealth has increased threefold. The average of comfort, independence, prosperity has decreased two hundredfold. This instance exactly parallels the prosperity on which England has so smugly prided herself during the past half century, and especially since the Chartist movement in 1848. Collectively, she has grown richer. Individually, she has grown poorer. She has more rich men, and they are vastly richer than they were. She has more poor men, and a vastly greater proportion of paupers. Worse than all, this state of affairs shows no sign of amendment. The poor are growing poorer; the rich, richer; the landowners fewer, their holdings greater; the wage-laborers more numerous; the farmers more rare, and the pauper population more stupendous. That the people of Great Britain will unite with Ireland in an irresistible demand for a re-distribution of land and an effective check upon excessive holdings, and that at no distant day, is as nearly a certainty as any human event of the future can be. The Chartist movement would no doubt have ripened into such a crisis had it not been for the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and the opening of new avenues to energy and hope in distant colonies. Except Manitoba and its vast wheat-producing area, there seems to be no such outlet for the pent-up forces of to-day. Even this region is pre-empted, in a great degree, by combined capital, and may perhaps be excluded from the estimate. The political bearing of these facts is of the most serious character. The entire power of England may be said to be in the hands of landholders, capitalists and the hereditary nobility. Less than 3,000,000 choose the House of Commons. Only a rich man or one so poor in spirit as to be willing to live upon charity during his service can hold a seat therein. The spiritual peers are bound hand and foot with the golden chains of the establishment. The landowners, the church, the nobility, the capitalists control the government, and are set over against the wage-laborers, the paupers, the petty tradesmen and their natural allies, the residuum of small farmers and the fringe of professional men and social and religious malcontents, who will make common cause with them. At no period of her history has England had greater need for strong, wise, earnest-hearted men to direct her counsels than to-day, and never has there been apparently a greater lack of them.

THE opening volume of OUR CONTINENT LIBRARY (1) is not merely the best work of the author, Mrs. Campbell,

(1) "UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS." By Helen Campbell. Our Continent Library, pp. 372., \$1. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

but it is in some respects one of the strongest serials of the day. The story is very simple and delicate in its plot, and is treated with power and tenderness. It has no moral, and it does not seek to solve a social or a psychological problem. It tells the tale of what dangers assail the pure and innocent soul under the influence of a young and ardent lover bent upon its ruin. Fred Keble, like Faust, is attracted by a girl's sweetness and purity, but he makes a mistake Faust could never have made. Faust loved Marguerite and determined to win her. Of what the effect would be on her he never thought. Fred loves Sylvia, but he determines to have her on his own terms, and fancies he will be perfectly happy with her after he confuses her ideas of right and wrong and poisons her soul. He does not understand that if he could do this that the first result would be that she would forsake him. A Sylvia as wise as a serpent would never be content with a Fred Keble. And he would not have loved her as he imagined he would, because what attracted, irritated, exasperated and stimulated him was her perfect innocence. Losing this she would lose her charm for him. These opposing, combative forces are surrounded by a little group of admirably-drawn characters, who take life with the comfortable American trust that all is going well until it openly goes wrong, and, therefore, have no idea of the passionate struggle in the life of the girl to whom they are all devoted until she is almost wrecked. In this group Geike, the German scholar, is a delightful study, and it is a proof of the author's keenness that she makes us realize that while he deserved Sylvia more than any other, he was the very one who could never win her. The background is a quaint and almost unknown region—Long Island, hardly ten miles from New York, but holding primitive customs and characters full of an unconscious absurdity, and affording contrasts sharper than would be imagined possible, the whole being a vigorous picture of a fresh and most distinctive locality. The outward guise of the book is exceedingly tasteful, and in singular harmony with title and contents, and the illustrations by Howard Pyle unusually good. The series of OUR CONTINENT LIBRARY, of which this is the initial volume, could hardly open more auspiciously.

"THE BOYS OF '61" (1) is a title holding almost as great a sense of remoteness as if it read, "The Boys who Fought with Cæsar." But to one who has lived in the South, and has personal knowledge of the methods of teaching in Southern schools, it instantly suggests certain reflections, the facts which underlie them being the real reason why the present book holds a place infinitely beyond that ordinarily filled by any work for young people. The Confederate soldier who fought in the war of 1861 has, as a rule, no animus against his conqueror, and often a very solid respect and friendship. Business interests being more and more in common, and Northern energy as well as Northern capital being recognized as essential features in the best development of the "New South," much of bitterness has been done away, and the two exchange reminiscences and laugh or sigh over episodes of life in camp or field. The Southern woman is less reconstructed. To her, save in rare instances, the Northerner is still an interloper of doubtful antecedents and questionable breeding, whose chief purpose is to still further despoil the country he has ruined. The tragedy of the war is kept alive by constant repetition. No detail of privation or misery is forgotten, and a perpetual undercurrent of longing for the good days "before the war" is a chief element of her thought and life. The children naturally absorb it all. The Southerner, man or woman, is a politician from the cradle,

seldom in any large sense, but with a passionate interest in purely local politics, and the results of the war upon the whole social system are still resented and denounced in the large majority of Southern homes.

That the immense expansion and development of industries, of education, and other irresistible forces, will in time neutralize this antagonism, cannot be doubted. But in the generation now at school we are likely to find, until contact with facts has opened their eyes, a dislike and distrust, veiled by the courtesy which is a Southern charm, but showing its face at the least opposition to established prejudices. The Southern child knows every fact of the war from the Southern standpoint, some of their school histories being rather extraordinary reading for one who accepts them as history and not the romances they really are. The boy fights over the old battles, in which the Yankee is always whipped, and the girl looks on in sympathetic admiration, both ready to declaim with fury against the North and its treacherous horde of vandal soldiers, most of whom are recorded to have been mercenaries without a grain of patriotism. All this is the more vivid to them from the fact that actual warfare came to the very threshold of most Southern homes, and it is a fact that ought not to be evaded or palliated, that in many thousands of instances the Northern soldier paid little heed to the rights of property in the people among whom he waged war. It is a sad fact, and one that no sort of exasperating folly on the Southern side can in the least excuse, some of the Northern generals even having a record which can never be freed from stain.

We, in the meantime, have put away all memory of the sad and bitter days. We refrain from telling the children what the struggle meant, and with the fatal facility for forgetting which marks our career as a nation, prefer to put aside disagreeable memories, thus losing one of the strongest educating forces in real love of country. We are accused as a people of an excessive self-appreciation. On the contrary, the true sense of what our country means does not even dawn upon nine-tenths of us, and we submit indifferently to be ruled by foreigners and insulted and outraged by a class of politicians at the South, who form the strongest obstacle in the way of progress and reform.

There is but one remedy. The story of what our latest conflict meant should be made part of the daily life of every child, boy or girl. Not to perpetuate bitterness, but to show what our country has cost; what price of blood and tears we paid for the liberty of to-day. And to such end nothing could be more welcome than the story told in "The Boys of '61," written by one of the best among our army correspondents, and told with a rush and swing that holds the sound of the bugles and the old ardors of the forgotten days. It is a book for every American child; above all for every Northern child. It is dispassionate even in its most eager pages, and it should be in the hands of every boy in the land, for it is not only a lesson in history and geography, but in justice and honor and all that makes manhood worth having or a country worth living or dying for.

In the present number of OUR CONTINENT Eliza S. Turner continues the valuable Philadelphia series with an illustrated paper on Public Schools. Every graduate will recognize the graphic delineations of life and incident here set forth, and every thoughtful citizen will admit the justice of the criticisms advanced. Anna B. McMahan points out in "The New Fiction" certain facts in the growth of the modern novel, and suggests some future possibilities. "Canoe Life in the North" is the title of a narrative by Lieutenant Samuel W. Very, U. S. N., in which, with the aid of pencil and camera, a trip from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay is described. This will be concluded in another number. The chapters of "Hot Plowshares" and "Dust" are characteristically entertaining

(1) THE BOYS OF '61: or, Four Years of Fighting. A Record of Personal Observation with the Army and Navy from the Battle of Bull Run to the Fall of Richmond. By Charles Carleton Coffin. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, gilt, \$2.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

as their widely different scenes move on. Three poems, respectively by Alice E. Ives, C. F. Lummis and K. Temple More, carry the reader into the realms of tradition and fancy; and, under their appropriate headings, current events in literature, art and science are discussed in the editorial departments.

SEVERAL letters have been received inquiring whether Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton meant to imply, in her poem "Like a Child," that the husband died or the wife and child. Mrs. Moulton writes to us from England that she is surprised that there could be any doubt on the matter, as she considered herself to have made it very clear that the husband died—died with scarcely time to recognize or bewail the long mistake of his life as

"Out of the warm, bright world
The man goes all alone."

THE BOOK-SHELF.

VERY little as yet is known of Mr. Tennyson's plan for his new rural drama, save that it is to be in three acts and written in prose.

A GERMAN review has lately published a long, critical article on Chinese poetry, with many extracts neatly translated, written by the Chinese ambassador at Berlin.

MACMILLAN & Co. are soon to publish a complete edition of Gray's works, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, the author of the recent popular volume on Gray in the "English Men of Letters" series.

ONE of the popular books of the last generation, James Hogg's "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott," which has long been out of print, is soon to be published by William Brown, of Edinburgh.

J. R. OSGOOD & Co. are happy publishers, Mr. Howells' "Modern Instance" being called for at a rate they find it impossible to supply. They have also a new edition of the works of Machiavelli, and another Round Robin novel with the surprising title "Rachel's Share of the Road."

"ST. NICHOLAS" enjoys the distinction of having had many of its poems and rhymes translated into Arabic by the Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, the American missionary in Syria. The volume has just been published at Beirut, and a fac-simile of one of the pages is given in the November number of the magazine.

THE mythical history of Persia has been told in an epic, said to be the longest in the world; the "Shah Nameh," of Firdusi. A collection of tales have been translated from the Persian by Miss Helen Zimmern, a London writer, which will soon be published under the title of the "Epic of Kings." Mr. Gosse contributes a poem as preface, and Mr. Alma Tadema two etchings.

MR. IRELAND's unpretentious little volume on Emerson has reached a second edition in England; and contains many things not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Moncure D. Conway's book is advertised by Trübner & Co. as nearly ready. It was to have been called "Concordia," but will appear under the title of "Emerson at Home and Abroad."

ESPECIALLY good service is being done in the series of "Questions of the Day" planned by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the present volume, "The American Citizen's Manual," Part I, treating of governments, national, state and local; the electorate and civil service. The series is edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford, and is so clearly and attractively written that it well deserves to become a popular hand-book.

"STUDY AND STIMULANTS" is the title of a book soon to be published and likely to attract wide attention among

men of letters and science, as well as the laity. The late Mr. Darwin, Professor Blackie, Dr. Carpenter, E. A. Freeman, Anthony Trollope and others, have all written letters in which they reply to a series of questions concerning their habits in the matter of alcohol and tobacco, these letters making the bulk of the volume.

"MISS LEIGHTON'S PERPLEXITIES," from the same publishers, "a Love Story," by Alice C. Hall (pp. 379; \$1.00), is a quiet and simply told story, relying for its interest rather on the characters involved than any intricacies of plot. The "Perplexities" are, of course, the several lovers who urge their claim to attention, and the manner in which all difficulties are finally solved will commend itself to all readers of fiction. Miss Leighton has better work before her.

ONE of the most graceful and carefully made up gift-books of the season is the set of leaflets entitled, "Wayside Flowers," arranged by Mrs. E. E. Dickinson, and illustrated by Mrs. J. C. Emmet, published by White & Stokes, New York. It is printed on linen paper, with eight colored plates, one of the most attractive of which is the branch of witch-hazel framing a fac-simile of two verses from Whittier's MS of "Hazel Blossoms." Longfellow and several well-known names have made their own appropriate selections, and there are two graceful little poems by Mrs. Dickinson herself, who is a well-known contributor to periodical literature.

VERY seldom has the story of what opium has power to do been so vividly told as in the little volume, "Cupid, M. D.," by Augustus M. Swift (pp. 172; \$1.00). Charles Scribner's Sons. There is the merest thread of plot, the course of which is given in letters and a few extracts from the heroine's diary, the hero being a victim to the opium habit, against which, spurred on by his love for Lily Patison, he wages a successful but most terrible battle, nearly dying before the victory is won. It is an exceptionally bright and carefully-wrought story, and deserves success, not only for these qualities, but for its faithfulness of detail.

WALTER BESANT is proving that partnership was not an essential element in his literary work. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," just issued by the Harpers, is one of the most striking novels yet published, but Mr. Rice was too ill to write many months before its completion. The *Academy*, one of the calmest and most judicial among English critical journals, says: "Judging from internal evidence only, it would seem likely that Mr. Rice's share in the works which owned him as one of their two parents was, in the main, confined to suggestion and to the collection of materials; for both in conception of character and incident, and in the mere details of literary craftsmanship, it would require a critic of singularly keen vision to discern any appreciable difference between the present work and its numerous predecessors."

No picture of the actual workings of the political machine has ever been given which can, in any degree, approach the faithfulness of that embodied in "The Cleverdale Mystery; or the Machine and its Wheels; a Story of American Life," by W. A. Wilkins (pp. 287; \$1.00). Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. As a story, the book would attract attention, the plot being well worked up and the characters fresh, natural and carefully drawn. It is the "machine," however, that attracts the strongest interest, its workings in public and private being so faithfully rendered as to give the book a positive historical value. It is of even a more depressing character than "Democracy," at present accepted abroad as a final statement of American political and social corruption, and it is to be hoped that now that the worst has been said of what is certainly only the shadowy side of the shield, that the reverse may find a chronicler.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE Japanese Government has lately presented to the National Museum of the United States an interesting collection of cotton grown in Japan, accompanying the donation with notes on the specimens, from which we extract the following:—Cotton is produced along the coasts of the districts Kinai, Kanto, Chingoku and Kiushiu, where the soil is sandy and the climate warm. In some of the north-eastern parts, where there are early frosts, the attempt to cultivate cotton is rarely made. It is uncertain when the cultivation of cotton in the Japanese Empire first commenced, but it would appear that the method of culture adopted in the Western provinces came from Kinai, though the seeds grown in the Eastern provinces came from Mikawa. In the province of Settsu the crop is the largest, indeed is not surpassed by that of all the other provinces, but the cost of cultivation is high. The staple, moreover, is rather short and hard, so as not to be suitable for very fine yarns. In recent years, however, cotton yarns are imported on a large scale, and fine yarns are easily procured; so the home-produced cotton is profitable in proportion to its yield. This will account for the fact that the cultivation of the long and soft staple is quickly passing away, and that it is becoming the almost universal custom to grow only that seed which will produce a maximum yield. While cotton plants have different names in the different provinces, it is believed that there are but three sorts—the Kanto, which produces a long, soft and strong staple of glossy appearance, from half to two-thirds of an inch in length; the Kinai, with a hard and soft staple, from a quarter to half an inch in length, and rather destitute of glossiness, and the Ainoko, which is a hybrid between the two former. The cultivation of the cotton plant in Japan is not uniform, varying immensely according to climates, soils and districts.

THE use of poisonous dyes to color the covers of books is happily not a common practice. Yet book publishers are occasionally careless about the materials used in coloring their books. Lately a child, while playing with some water-color paints, looked about for a palette, and seized a small book—attracted by the bright green color of its cover. After mixing the paints on the cover for some time, he was suddenly taken with convulsions. Physicians who were hastily summoned declared that he had been poisoned. They administered antidotes, but the child went into convulsion after convulsion, and it was only after three days' incessant labor that the physicians saved his life. The child's parents afterward had an investigation made of the manner in which it had been poisoned. It was discovered that the dye with which the brightly-colored book was covered contained the poison. In wetting the paints on the book-cover, the child had innocently wet also the dye, and soon transferred some of the poison to its own lips. There was a comical side to the investigation, although it was no consolation to the parents. The book was found to be a report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children!

A REMARKABLE means of defense is known as the "Graydon-Leach system," and provides for the maneuvering of fleets of torpedoes under complete control, below the surface of the water, and admitting of entire or partial withdrawal at pleasure to permit the passing of friendly vessels, or enticing hostile vessels within the limits and then surrounding them with torpedoes that will insure their destruction. The torpedoes can be massed, moved in various directions, and, in fact, maneuvered similarly to bodies of troops, and, being entirely submerged, give no signs of approach to the enemy. The system is comparatively inexpensive and the plant simple. No hostile fleet could enter a harbor defended by it, and therefore its novelty,

simplicity and practicability render it very valuable. Though we have at present no adequate means of defense for our coast and seaport cities, yet by this system of torpedo defense a hostile fleet could be kept beyond shelling distance of New York, Brooklyn, San Francisco or any of our seaport cities, and even the mouth of Chesapeake Bay can be easily rendered impassable.

A FEW months ago a woodcock was flushed from a clump of persimmon trees on the border of a "slash." Knowing the bird's habit of rising above a clump of bushes, and then suddenly dropping behind it out of range, the hunter fired as soon as it rose. When the smoke cleared away the bird was seen rising with a labored flight, and concluding it was wounded its fall was expected; but instead, it turned and came nearer. It was seen to be holding something between its feet, which, on closer observation, proved to be a young chicken recently hatched, which was located between the mother's legs and supported by her feet placed on its sides. So slow was the flight that by a brisk trot the observer was able to gain on the bird, which he tried unsuccessfully to tire so as to compel it to drop its burden.

JET is considered as a species of amber, and most probably had its origin from the exudation of some tree, as no doubt it is derived from vegetable matter. In Prussia it is generally known by the name of "black amber." It occurs in nodules and lumps in lignitic strata, and is found in great purity and abundance in the cliffs of alum shale on the coast of Yorkshire, where the well-known jet manufactories of Whitby and Scarborough are situated. Like amber, it is electric when rubbed; is more resinous in lustre than the finest cannel coal, and is also specifically lighter. There is little about its appearance to the naked eye to indicate that it is a fossil wood, as it does not show a texture like lignite, but it is uniform, like asphalt.

WITHIN the last two years Sumatra tobacco has sprung into favor, first gradually, and then rapidly, so much so that tobacco culture in this country was threatened with entire destruction. Its importation in any large quantity began in July, 1880, with 12,126 pounds per month. Its importation in July, 1882, was 147,224 pounds, a most enormous increase. Four pounds of Sumatra tobacco will cover as many cigars as twelve pounds of American tobacco. The cost of Sumatra tobacco in the market is about \$1.20 per pound. Thus four pounds would cost \$4.80, while the twelve pounds of home tobacco at 50 cents a pound, would cost \$6.00.

A COLOSSAL cuttle-fish was lately found stranded at Island Bay, Cook's Strait, New Zealand. When first found on the beach, it was not quite dead. The longer arms measured twenty-five feet. The blades had a row of fifteen suckers along each side, and a middle row of nineteen. The smaller arms were about eleven feet nine inches, with a width of seven and a half inches. They were furnished with suckers and fleshy tubercles, but these shorter arms were of unequal length. The fleshy membrane connecting these was about eleven inches deep. The head was four feet three inches in circumference, the eyes five inches by four. The body was seven feet six inches in length, and nine feet two inches in its greatest circumference.

THE eyestones which are occasionally met with in the chemists' shops are found on the beach of Cape Araya and exported. They are the opercula of certain species of small univalve shells. If you place one on a smooth plate in lemon juice it is said that it will move about, for the evolution of carbonic acid gas from the carbonate of lime, of which it is composed, lifts and makes it move as if it were alive. The natives of Venezuela call these stones "Pei-dras de los ozos." S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

October 20.—General Wolseley reviewed the troops in Alexandria.—The Household troops were enthusiastically received in London after their brief Egyptian campaign.—Two vessels of the Dutch Arctic expedition are reported caught in the ice.—The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Robert Paine, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. . . Oct. 21.—The first political meeting ever held by Mormons took place in Utah.—A new bridge across the Missouri river at Bismarck, Dacotah, was opened by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. . . Oct. 22.—A British steamer, name unknown, has been wrecked off Vancouver's Island.—Chester, Pa., began the ceremonies commemorative of Penn's landing in 1682.—Engineer Seig, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, saved the lives possibly of 600 passengers by bravely facing death in the burning cab of his engine. . . Oct. 23.—Riots took place in Lyons, France, on account of the interference of the government in theatrical matters.—News received of a terribly destructive typhoon in Manila on the 19th of October.—An attempt was made to assassinate King Milan at Belgrade.—Wichita, Kansas, and Paris, Texas, were shaken by earthquakes. Mrs. Langtry arrived in New York.—Ex-Governor E. A. Straw, of New Hampshire, died in Manchester, N. H., aged sixty-three years.—The Rev. Dr. William F. Day, of Titusville, Pa., died.—Chester, Pa., celebrated the Bi-centennial of Penn's landing.—At Richmond, Va., the eighth annual congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church opened its sessions. . . Oct. 24.—Parliament met in England and the question was at once raised as to the regularity of the session.—Philadelphia celebrated the landing of William Penn, by re-enacting the event and by a civil and military procession, with fireworks in the evening at Fairmount Park.—Dr. Bronson Alcott was stricken with paralysis.—Oliver Wendell Holmes resigned his professorship in Harvard University.—Mme. Nilsson arrived in New York.—Charles Gillespie, for thirty consecutive years a member of the City Council of Lancaster, Pa., died, at the age of ninety-one.—Captain William A. Parker, U. S. N., died in Boston. . . Oct. 25.—The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church met at Berwick, Pa.—At Cincinnati the American Institute of Architects began its annual meeting.—The day in Philadelphia was devoted to a procession of the trades and industries of the city. . . Oct. 26.—The President issued his proclamation designating November 30 for Thanksgiving.—Army promotions consequent upon the retirement of Major-General McDowell were announced yesterday as follows: Brigadier General John Pope, to be Major-General, and Colonel Ronald S. Mackenzie, Fourth Cavalry, to be Brigadier-General.—In Philadelphia the Bi-centennial exercises consisted of a procession of Knights Templar. . . Oct. 27.—Troops are called out in the neighborhood of Lyons to suppress revolution. The disturbance has assumed a Nihilist or anarchist character.—Irish affairs are foremost in the English Parliament.—The Bi-centennial celebration in Philadelphia closed with a grand military parade.

THE DRAMA.

M. DELAUNAY, of the Théâtre Français, has announced his intention of retiring in March next. Thereafter he will devote his leisure to the care of his pupils.

The only conjurer of note now exhibiting in this country is Hermann. He is gratifying lovers of the marvelous at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, during his forthcoming engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will produce Coleman's comedy of "The Poor Gentleman," for the first time in many years.

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL has arrived in New York, accompanied by her adopted daughter, Miss Kate Pattison, who will play the leading juvenile parts with Mrs. Langtry in this country. Miss Faithful will shortly enter upon a lecturing tour, visiting the principal cities, and will confine herself to one discourse, entitled "Modern Extravagance," which met with much favor in England. She will write a series of letters on America for a London periodical.

AFTER a prolonged run of "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Henry Irving produced "Much Ado About Nothing" at the London Lyceum recently, appearing as "Benedick," with Miss Ellen Terry as "Beatrice." The production is described by the London press and correspondents as thoroughly magnificent in every respect. The minutest detail in text, scenery and costumes showed elaborate thought and preparation, while the acting of the entire company was notably fine.

A DRAMATIZATION of "Chandos," one of Ouida's successful novels, was a failure when produced lately in London. The author was not discouraged by adverse criticism, as the appended extract from a card published by him goes to prove: "To the press he should consider himself indebted for showing him his errors had he not thus furnished them with materials for some of the most satirical, witty and entertaining paragraphs that has ever been written upon a play."

MME. SARA BERNHARDT will appear at the Paris Vaudeville, in a new piece written expressly for her by M. Sardou, so soon as the novelty of "Tête de Linotte," a screaming three-act farce now being played there, begins to wear off. In "Fedora," M. Sardou's drama, all the characters are Russian, but the action takes place in Paris. A new tragedy, "François I," by M. Parodi, the author of "Rome Vaincue," has been accepted by Mme. Sara Bernhardt for her own theatre, the Théâtre Moderne.

SIGNOR SALVINI, after an absence of two years, has commenced a series of farewell performances in America at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, appearing first as "Othello." Upon his arrival, a short time prior, he was the recipient of many messages of greeting. The following illustrate the feeling of regard entertained for the illustrious Italian by his brother artists in this country: "St. Louis, Oct. 30.—The lovers of art in America will always hail your visits with delight. All good luck be with you.—John McCullough." "Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 30.—Welcome home, greatest of artists. Comrades and public alike greet you with affection and reverence.—Lawrence Barrett."

MRS. LANGTRY's present engagement in New York will last five weeks, dating from October 30; then she visits in succession Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, St. Louis and several of the smaller cities. In Philadelphia she will appear at Haverly's. It is probable that she will travel as far West as San Francisco. "Hester Grazebrook," in "The Unequal Match," will be the character she will play the most, it being the one in which she received the greatest praise in her tour throughout the English provinces. The principal members of the company engaged to support her have been brought from England. The sale of seats for her first appearance in New York was highly successful, a lower proscenium box being bought for \$330, by Mr. Charles Wyndham, the English actor, and rows of single seats in the orchestra bringing \$30 apiece. The sales at the first offering aggregated about \$6000.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Consumption.

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Tableau Vivant (Time, early dusk; Scene, sidewalk in front of fashionable dressmaking establishment).

Horror of near-sighted old lady who beholds, as she supposes, one of those dreadful abduction cases of which she has read in the papers.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

My Old Woman and Me.

I DARE say you'd think it lonely,
But you see we're used to it here—
You're apt to cling to a place, sir,
When you've lived there fifty year,
And we two built it together,
And it took us a long, long while;
It's no small work in New Hampshire
To scrape up a little pile.
When a thing's so long in coming
You love it better, you see,
And we worked so hard for a house, sir,
My poor old woman and me.

At first it was nothing but work, sir,
For many a long, long year,
And then such a pack of young ones
As kept surprising us here.
What's become of them now, though?—
Six of them, sir, all told—
Why we buried three of them early,
Under the church-yard mould;
But with three of them living somewhere
You think it funny, maybe,
That we're alone in the homestead,
The poor old woman and me.

I don't quite know how it came, sir;
A queer old world is this,
And the very thing that you aim for
Is the one that you seem to miss.
Now my old woman kept saying,
We'd "seen too much of toil";
There was more ways of getting a living
Than rooting it out of the soil."

If the young ones could get some schooling,
They would have a chance, you see,
So we scrimped and saved till we did it,
My poor old woman and me.

You ought to have seen the learning,
It makes my poor head ache
To think what a sight of training
Some people's brains will take.
Did you ever hear of St. Paul, sir?
I thought perhaps you had—
And wasn't it Festus told him
That learning had made him mad?
If you'd seen our oldest boy, though,
And how wise he got to be,
Till he frightened us out of our wits, sir,
My poor old woman and me.

He told us a lot of "science,"
And he tried to argue it round
That people and birds and beasts, sir,
Was the self-same stuff as the ground.
He talked about things called atoms,
And a lot of trash like that,
Till I couldn't tell for my life, sir,
What the boy was getting at.
And now he's living in Boston,
But so far as I can see
He ain't done very much better
Than my old woman and me.

The next we had was a girl, sir,
I wish you could see her now—
She would have the men wash dishes
While the women drive the plow.
She talks about "female suffrage,"
And the progress of the age,
And I find her name in the papers
Whenever I read a page.
Suppose she should get a husband,
Lord! what a row there'd be;
No loving pair in a cosy home,
Like my old woman and me.

And the other youngster too, sir,
Since ever he's been a man,
He thinks he could rule the country,
And there's nobody else that can.
He says that if Congress only
Would issue more greenbacks now
We'd all get rich in a hurry,
But he don't just tell us how.
Now I never have had much learning,
But I ain't a fool, you see,
And we think that boy's a humbug,
The poor old woman and me.
No! young ones is disappointing,
As our experience goes,
And the more you do for a goose, sir,
The bigger goose he grows.
We like it here on the hill-side,
It ain't too lonely for us;
The great world goes too fast, sir,
We never could stand the fuss.
Besides, we've three of the young ones
Under the greenwood tree,
And they're the best of the lot, sir,
To my old woman and me.

A. K. H.

A good story is told of Colonel McKenzie, lately promoted to be brigadier-general to succeed General Pope. He was a candidate for the promotion which Miles, the great Indian-fighter, received a year or two ago. Shortly before the nomination of Miles, McKenzie was taking a starlight stroll with a friend, to whom he pointed out with admiration an exceedingly brilliant star (the brigadier-general's insignium of rank). "It is pretty, Colonel," said his friend, "but there is Miles between you and that star!"

People said that a naval review was singularly inappropriate for a Penn celebration. They forgot how peaceable the United States Navy has been for twenty years.